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MODERN SPANISH ART TO THE FORE IN THE SALON OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT: DECADENCE OF FRENCH INFLUENCE: BY PROFESSOR ERNEST E. FENOLLOSA



BECAUSE France has so long held the lead in what the Western World accepts for art education, it is well to come to Paris year after year and attempt, not as the members of the jury to measure results by standard, but rather as students of sociology to test standards by results. The duty of a critic is more than an amiable editing of studio jargon; rather must he, while dealing sympathetically with his present, steadily refuse to take it at its own valuation. For self-interest so necessarily narrows the artist's aim to current technique that he can hardly relate himself consciously to the universal in human achievement. But the true historian, just because he knows his past, is all the more anxious about the future,—anxious that it shall neither adore nor condemn that vital continuity which it can never escape. Is it for health or decadence? Will it engraft strange fruits on the old stock, or tear itself up by the roots? How thrilling to follow the varied curve of time, with its rises and dips, and note at just what critical angle it comes to pierce the mathematical point of this year!

As an introduction to our study of the painting, let us first glance at other exhibits in the Salon for Nineteen Hundred and Eight. Here are acres of architectural designs; but across them few fitful rays of hope struggle. For architecture in France seems to have well-nigh closed its own circle. The past is here a tyrant. Evidently when young students have started to draft a new palace, a library, or a terraced garden, the very first act of their brains is warped by classic tradition. What can they do but make the massing of their renaissance arcades still more grandiose, the texture of their surfaces still more varied with superficial incrustations? Unfortunately it is too often just such ready-made limestone gingerbread that we import into New York;

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and its sad relation to the industries is that they too become crushed into a stupid succession of Italian-derived arabesques. The *Primiticcio* ceiling, with its flourishes of pink-soap nudes and auroral clouds, goes wriggling down through the centuries. Yes, here it is, right and left in the corridors!

Now sculpture, against her besetting sin of breaking down into abject realism, is best championed by architecture,—yet only when architecture is normally free. The woolly excrescences of plaster gorillas and the unseemly gyrations of polished marble ladies are checked in most countries by the practical builder, who finds them out of sympathy with his structural contours. He it is who coaxes a truce in the eternal conflict of art's two motives. Man's sheer economic need for utensils,—and notably for the chief of all utensils, houses,—compels those quarrelsome twins, thought and beauty, to work in concert. But where, as in France, architecture comes to abdicate her creative privilege, these electric fluids fly so violently apart that production is possible only at the extreme poles.

If we look up at the pediment of any old or new French building,—the triangle over the front columns of the Madeleine, for example,—we note the balanced mass of heavy nude figures derived first from ancient Greek practice and second from Michel Angelo's swollen muscles. Here is "decorative sculpture" for us, suave, finished, musical; and here we might suppose it to attain normal triumph. Yet what is it but an unnatural triumph of masquerading corpses? No life, no joy, no meaning for contemporary man lurks in its frozen symmetry.

Let us now look down from the Salon balconies upon those queer patches of white stone in jumbled chunks that dot the vast sanded court. Here is "real sculpture" for us, representative and naked as our modern world knows her,—glorying in her hatred of bloated deities, reveling in bald appeal to the story-loving intellect, striving against the ideal to the last gracelessness of vulgarity. We sometimes ask ourselves why, having already the flexible medium of literature, we strive so painfully to force poignant thoughts into such cold, unyielding symbols. Where can we put these ugly stones? Why should any one want to see them? Alas, how shall any but the clearest headed critic escape this blatant claim of the radical statue-chopper that he alone in modern art is to be hailed champion of democracy, of the health of fact, of the deification of toil? And so we have the soiled baggy trousers of wounded zouaves and the amorphous cargo of sweaty coal-heavers apotheosized in virgin marble!

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IN AS far as the minor industrial arts, such as tapestry, minister to the established architecture, they too share its tiresome excesses. But when the ornamental objects are small, and not clearly related to building,—as for example in the low modeled relief of medals and in the refinements of modern jewelry,—a new hope and facility have found birth. A third quality, a life-embracing beauty, has again become possible. How tenderly the French medalist adapts his human forms, fresh and contemporary enough, to the filling of his bronze and silver spaces! It seems hard to think him of the same breed with the moulder of dauby lumps and retina-splitting planes. So too the delicate worker in gems, gold, carved shell and transparent enamels is learning how to translate many charms of natural suggestion,—ferns, maple keys, butterflies and marine forms,—into organic and useful structures. Here sculpture's unfortunate divorce between thought and vision has been abolished, almost as naively as in genuine Japanese work.

How then is it with that major art of painting, of which the world thinks itself so fond, yet manifests such ignorance? Is it its fate to be torn in pieces, like sculpture, between two hostile camps? Or does it yet, like jewelry, find it possible, while taking life real, to mould it for higher ends than curiosity? At first sight the situation seems desperate. On the one hand, plenty of decorative pink ladies squirm on filmy ceilings or repose on obliging waves. On the other, plenty of brutal men and homely women have done martyrdom to plain truth by sitting for their portraits. And where a third course is tried, and fancy reigns supreme, sanity and restraint seem lost. Green Buddhas seated on artichokes leer at smoochy lank females tumbling through space; and the new technique sometimes degenerates into irresponsible strings of black macaroni. But on second view it becomes clearer that, in spite of the realistic bias of government juries and the wild rebellion of the long-haired, a goodly fraction of the exhibitors are still striving, however vaguely, for something beyond *avoidsupois*, are still conscious, however dimly, that art demands some admixture of soul-magic, some transfusing charm of motion, lines and color-chemistry. It is from such seed alone, if at all, that we must hail promise of future harvest.

And yet this seed can be no strange manna, fallen abruptly and miraculously from heaven. Even in its very newness it is bound to betray healthy human parentage. Its very power to vary must be rooted in past frictions. Was not Puvis de Chavannes' coming prophesied five hundred years before by Piero della Francesca? Does

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not Vermeer of seventeenth century Delft seem more modern than the latest *illuminati* of the Latin Quarter? Faculty of creative vision is essentially the same through changes of age and race. Souls sensitive to color discern delicate values instantly under whatever new scales and tonalities. Whence, then, out of the prolific past can a live pictorial germ have fallen on our fresh, if rocky, soil? My brief answer is,—“from Spain!” And this, I take it, is the primary lesson of the present Salon.

FROM Spain, forsooth! Are then contemporary Spanish artists the greatest? Not necessarily that; but they are indeed simpler, more earnest in temper and perhaps closer to great technique. For it is clear that all this advantage derives in last analysis not from sheer nationality, but from that which was concentrated so long ago in Spain's supreme genius, Velasquez.

The simplicity, directness and robustness of Velasquez's method quite outclass the most popular of his European successors. And yet for two centuries the bad taste of the world doomed him to oblivion. It forgot how his clear insight had shaken almost free of the fashionable and artificial studio-shadows that plunged Christian painting into gloom. It did not see how he had made the rich “local tones” of royal stuffs, and of still more royal flesh, the basis of his startling effects. It ignored his glorifying of black into a lovely, glossy, controlling *color*, standing out against rich carnations and warm grays in almost flat spots. In vain had he pierced, with this equipment, to the heart of human character, photographing life with the clearness of a modern orthochromatic plate. It was reserved for another Spaniard, Goya, six generations later, to dig out this mighty hidden Velasquez from mouldy Madrid museums, to base upon his example a new startling realism of clear values, and to carry his premature revival over into France. For here indeed he and his innovations suffered a second temporary eclipse, until a Frenchman, Edouard Manet, about eighteen hundred and sixty had the insight to rediscover in them a seed of new vitality, which the stupid world derided for still a third while as “Impressionism.”

Here then are the steps of the transmission:—Velasquez, Goya, Manet! And out of Manet has sprung the rich recent school of Degas, Renoir, Whistler, Sargent and a hundred others. Widely modified in special features, this school flows today no longer a narrow and sickly stream, but has grown almost as wide as the whole realm of good painting.



From the Salon of 1908.

"HELLENIC BELLES AT ALEXANDRIA":
G. ROCHEGROSSE, PAINTER.



From the Salon of 1908.

"A SPANISH DANCE":
TITO SALAS, PAINTER.



From the Salon of 1901.

"ARRIVING AT THE PLAZA":
HENRI ZO, PAINTER.



From the Salon of 1908.

"THE MOTHER-IN-LAW": CAR-
LOS VASQUEZ, PAINTER.

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The present state of this broad stream we find exemplified in the Salon by several large pictures, mostly government commissions, in each of which some recent public event finds record. They will go down in the national archives beside Vernets and Davids! The chief of these, by Guillonet, reproduces a great garden party given to President Fallières, in which the presence of a thousand persons is suggested and more than a hundred men, women and children,—many of them portraits,—are literally flashed into the foreground. It is a medley of life, light and movement, of which the coarse splintery touches seem meaningless until viewed across the room. Blasts of orange light wedge themselves into a shadowed wilderness of blues and purples representing ladies' white dresses. But it all resolves into plain fact at the right focus. We see it to be a legitimate outgrowth of those weird crowds which Manet and Renoir painted in the old Paris cafés. But no one now speaks of such clever handling as Impressionism; it is just normally good work.

AND now, lest this succession of the Manet line become indeed too Frenchy, one marks a new contemporary effort to get back by shorter route to the force and simplicity of Velasquez himself. This movement is best seen in the large and powerful canvas entitled "March of the Lansquenets" by Martin-Gautherau, which easily carries off a second medal. It illustrates the great virtuosity and resource to be found among the pupils of Albert Maignan. Against a wild yellow flag with device of four scrawny gray eagles scowls the unhelmeted visage of a mediæval *condottiere*. Mailed in black, he rides—forward out of the picture like a kinema film—a colossal black horse armored in blue steel and gold. The footmen are berserkers in white steel and slashed doublets of strawberry-toned leather. The stains of their flesh, rich and low, melt naturally into this strawberry note, which reappears in the lifted shafts of many spears and in the shield of the hoarse eagles. The procession moves on desperately under green skies, and powdered with a light gray film of dust. It is a flashlight photograph of mediæval character;—a Colleone done into color;—a Donatello turned modern painter.

Yet if we were to criticise the two pictures just described, we might have to say that they do not yet quite so concentrate and flatten their darks as either of their Spanish predecessors. And so we are not surprised to find still a third attempt to reach the common goal, by building directly upon the manner of Goya, without any intervention of modern French feeling. The best example of this, "Victims of a

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Pogrom" by the Pole, Minskowsky,—almost brutal in its hard, flat, somber clearness,—shows a crowd of emaciated sufferers huddled on the straw-strewn floor of an improvised hospital. They are all wounded and bandaged, with despair set in their pale faces and dull eyes. But it is the low grays and olives of their garments with simple patterns of blue and red check that, devoid of shadow, mosaic almost like the flat tints of a Japanese print.

So far we have discovered in the Salon three different species of Spanish revival, in attempts to rebuild upon Velasquez, upon Goya and upon Manet. Yet it might be charged against all of them that, though partially successful in their technical aim, they are not after all genuinely Spanish in feeling. There is just the slightest taint about them of decking in borrowed plumes. They might indeed serve healthily to bridge over an interval of uncertainty; but have they found solid basis in vital impression? If we are to have a genuine Spanish illumination, must it not root in the vividness of the present, as well as in the glamor of the past? Which is as much as to ask, are there any Spanish artists who have sent to this Salon paintings of Spanish subjects, and are they great in the sense of being original and powerful leaders? The answer is, yes. In the art of Salas, Vasquez and Luloaga we taste the most pungent flower of the year's work.

Tito Salas, a native of Venezuela, fairly thrills us with his great Andalusian peasant-dance. There on the right a woman, seen from the back, whirls violently the red-brown discs that pattern her silver-gray calico, crossing the diagonal line—made wavy with tossing arms—of the toothless old man with tilted head. The dust of the ancient court rises from its footing of broken tiles, powdering the bronze flesh and matted hair with blue. On the left a scornful señorita in dull orange mantilla turns against a rickety table to eye the dancers. Here is genre worthy of Velasquez if you like, but reinterpreted from a fresh contact with Spanish life. And Velasquez was court-painter to an effete line of kings; while such modern lovers of black eyes and wine-stained skin are court-painters to the kings of the gypsies, of the toreador's arena, and to the queens of the poultry-market. And the lines here are more frankly lines of motion than Velasquez's. Salas sets the whole composition tipping and rocking, like a cavalry charge of the old Japanese Tosas. And, like so much of recent work, the foreground figures are all cast into quick shade, leaving a rim of orange light only for the background of a distant hill. Yet these shadows are not heavy brown stains, like those of Rivera and the old

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dungeon painters, but an out-of-door device to intensify the clearness of the local tones. Have we not all noticed how much more green the grass looks on a cloudy day? The pasty yellow glare of direct sunlight just kills out the proper colors of stuffs, whereas the diffused lights of sky and earth merely film them over with soft peachy reflections. And here all is flashed together as a kaleidoscope upon an eye which has no time to follow individual passages with separate focus. If this is Impressionism, it is also frank scientific common-sense,—a law as well of optics as æsthetics; for nothing is more viciously untrue in a picture than a tempting of the eye to peck successively at visual kernels scattered in a hundred lines and planes.

BUT a still greater revelation awaits us in the large canvas by Carlos Vasquez of Barcelona. It is only a domestic group of four life-sized figures, whose local colors are saved by an indoor diffusion of light from the gray walls. A quarrel between two young married Spaniards has left the wife,—whose yellow lace shawl covers an orange bolero jacket literally encrusted with gold spangles,—still pouting on the right. In the center sulks her dandy husband, biting a cigarette, and viciously throwing his glossy velvet leg over a chair-arm. His claret-brown waistcoat is sewn with large silver coins, and a knotted scarlet kerchief escapes under his tilted black hat. His black breeks, lined with chocolate brown, are slashed at the side and buttoned with lumps of silver. His mother-in-law—who gives the picture its title,—expostulates with him at the left with superb attitude; bending over forward toward the spectator, and then looking up backward into his surly face. She has braced for strength in setting her arms akimbo, and every muscle of her keen old face vibrates with vituperative argument. Behind her the old man looks on with masterly neutrality. Such is the skeleton of thought over which the artist has proceeded to weave one of the most solidly massed yet richly varied tissues of modern coloring. The scheme centers with incredible opulence upon the dominating figure of the old lady. Let us first point out that her skirt shows a glossy warm green, and that her right hand lies against it like the pulp of a purple fig. Hence the gamut starts off with the bag at her belt, a luminous opaque black, embroidered heavily in rusty red, yellow brown, and tarnished silver. Just over this bag falls her sleeve, of a greenish-yellow cream broken by clover-leaf patterns in quiet brown. But this is only a beginning; for now from sleeve to hand gather the lines of a dull orange berth, half concealing in their folds small flower-knots of green and scarlet, and

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shading off at the edges into chocolate brown and olive. This again leads the way to a splendid kerchief that throws forward from the bent head a ground of indigo blue starred with crimson roses. And over the forehead, with its escaping silver hair, this kerchief is knotted up into a ribbon of clear dark blue with little thin tassels of citron yellow. Lastly, let us add, kerchief, bertha and sleeve ground against a deep orange-brown in the old man's shawl. Here is passage as opulent as Whistler, as broad and direct; yet without vagueness of hue or loss of form in enveloping ground. Wealth is not borrowed from an adventitious fund of shadow-mottling, as in old masters; but built up from a dozen colored stuffs as frankly as a Persian rug. Tints are clear and local, yet subdued and interposed. Nor has this subduing aught of the brown woolly texture of Israels and L'hermitte. Nothing has been left to happy accident. The picture glows in conscious depth, bathed in its own silvery tone, like a Velasquez. Only the one criticism falls due, that the orange of the wife's skirt is just too fierce to keep in key with the low-toned left. So, if we cut the wife out with hand raised before our right eye, the wonderful tone on the three left figures grows all the finer. Lastly, if we frame out by herself the upper half of the grand old lady, it is hardly too much to declare that she stands beside a Rembrandt portrait, one of the most powerful and brilliant figures in all art.

THE third Spaniard, Luloaga, has chosen to exhibit in the "New Salon" only, where his three great canvases outweigh the rest of that show. Brutal they are, in their realism of low genre; even as Millet is brutal in subjects like his pig-sticking, or Velasquez in his monstrosities of dwarfs. In the central picture an undersized half-witted boy, blear of one lost eye, stands laboring under the weight of two enormous pig skins distended with wine. The right shows a young peasant girl exposing her half-veiled saucy face to the ruddy light of a lamp. The left startlingly groups some six toothless old peasant women, so emaciated that they seem caricatures, yet made serious with large, wet, flat brush-strokes of dark violets, browns, blues, greens and blacks. A dark gray light struggles in the sky. The gloom is elemental, titanic. These might be old Greek Fates, hoary in forgetfulness, glad to masquerade as pitiful Spanish hags that cannot die.

But the vitality of this modern school does not exhaust itself with the work of artists Spanish-born. It has been already assimilated by many French painters of power, some of whom go directly to Spain for their motives, some using the new language to translate similar vivid

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effects from the life of Normandy, Holland and the East. Of the former, Henri Zo, born and bred in the very shadow of the Pyrenees, has sent a large canvas representing two Spanish belles driving into the great square of the arena. Here the artist has followed the modern tendency to cut out an arbitrary fragment from a moving crowd, by filling his whole center with a carriage that brings its fair freight quite close to the spectator's eye. The external composition, of white wall, Spanish flags, mounted police, feasting crowd and the large red wheel, is awkward enough;—and perhaps designedly so, the skill in concentrating attention upon the proud donnas being all the more marked. For what happens here is an optical triumph. The eye is literally glued to the two aristocratic heads with their sloping shoulders; not by the more obvious device of a minutely sharper drawing, but in virtue of an unwonted intensity of *notan* effect. Upon the nearer figure, it is the repeated contrast of the large black spots of her lace mantilla with the light pink dress patterned in strawberry reds,—a focus intensified by the isolated note of scarlet geraniums at her breast. The second woman recedes, not only through perspective drawing, but in virtue of the greater softness of the white lace of her mantilla, which becomes a creamy *écru* against her purple bouquet. Yet her head, too, belongs to the central focus through the sheer glory of her jet black hair and eyes. The clear pale olive of their faces, without a hint of shadow, accentuates the haughty and patrician in their cameo-like profiles. If the central passage of their joint heads and bodies be now isolated by the hand, it stands out like the color-photography of a *Lumière* plate. It is a new insistent note of piercing values. It is Goya modernized. It is Spain itself.

OF THE foreign translations, we have the large triptych—(triptychs, by the way, are well in fashion)—by Gustave Pierre, also medaled, of a crowd of ancient Norman pensioners, with hard, bony faces settled into an olive gray that seems almost as lifeless as their threadbare garments.

So vital is this school, however, so sure of its adopted French technique, that it can extend its vision far beyond the keenly observed present, and dare imagination to pierce to the flashing, piquant life of vanished genres. What if a modern impressionist—and that means an accomplished realist!—were enabled by some legerdemain of time-reversion to visit Egypt and the veritable Greece, and transcribe for us, not the stilted classic poses which have come down in the colorless ruins of sculpture, but the life of a picturesque Attic peasantry, a riot

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of palace orgies, or the sun-stained gorgeous crowds of plaza, quay and palmy terrace! This is exactly what has been done for us by Rochegrosse—past master in a dozen of the older styles—in a flexibility of temper that might have its dangers were it not rooted in supreme genius. Let us pass over his Egyptian princess, and come to his troupe of ancient Hellenic belles at Alexandria,—the most brilliant and perhaps the most prophetic painting in this year's Salon.

It is only four feet square, yet hints of the whole Roman Empire,—Greece in Egypt, with Persians in the background, and all kept peaceful by two of Cæsar's legionaries who kick their heels over the seawall,—quite as today a couple of British Tommies, with tincans tipped over their left ears, hold in leash the surly city of Cairo. All of a piece it is with that modern technique we have been studying; for it cuts, rather than composes, a quite unbalanced fragment out of an endless panorama, and then throws its foreground group into shade. It is charged with motion, too, though not so violent as that of Salas' dancers. The three young dames, in the pink—(and green, shall we say?)—of fashion, just walk languidly out of the picture's right edge, ignoring the little groups, drawn small in perspective, who turn to scoff,—groups designed to diversify, but not to fill, the somewhat empty left. For in this unbalanced space we feel the very void these gay ones have just left, and into which their garments still flutter.

Against a background of blue-green sea five delicious figures, three girls and their two maids, fill the canvas from upper to lower rim. Their plane is forward, near the spectator's eye. And upon them Rochegrosse has lavished the Spanish coloring far beyond its customary scheme. The foreground shade is cast by nothing more substantial than a warm pink umbrella, which just serves to reveal, and then to intensify, the lively local tones of the dresses, and even to bid an added warmth of flesh respond through the gauzy textures. Moreover, this restricted shadow, barely cutting a silhouette from the surrounding glare, allows the varied tints, already kaleidoscopic, to be enriched and lightened with two separate sets of reflections,—blue fire from the sky and yellow fire from the dusty quay. The under side of every fold is just as brightly lighted as the upper, and with a strange excess of warmth. And thus we see a new thing in art,—forms modeled indeed, but not in terms of *notan*; pulsing surfaces solely in a scale of varying hues. Only the sharp spots of hair and eyes, with here and there a streak of embroidered pattern, gleam as contrasting darks.

The nearest girl walks with haughty head set in pure Greek profile. She leads a pet monkey; and her hanging bare arm, lovely enough to

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belong to an antique statue, has its strawberry shell-pinks literally dusted with films of citron and azure. Her black hair is filleted in scarlet ribbons spangled with gilt. Her single sweeping robe of topaz-yellow gauze thickens in the folds to sea-green, but in the thinner spaces takes rosy fire from her breast and limbs. Soft blue medallions of double peacocks dot all its varied length. Finally the incredible color decides to center at her throat, in a spun-gold collar framing a band of sapphires, and a broad Egyptian gorget of looped enamels,—deep ultramarine and blue malachite, crusted with orange butterflies.

It is, after all, no accident and no strange forcing that have expressed all this blinding light and gaiety and riot of Oriental fabric in semi-Spanish categories. This binding of Rochegrosse to Velasquez is not as far stretched as one might think. It is true that Velasquez and Salas are silvery in their Spanish peasants, Rochegrosse copper in his Egyptian princess, and again gold in these Greek ladies; yet are they not all Mediterranean? Ionian Greeks had colonies at Barcelona, Marseilles and Naples long before Alexandria. Such Italian painters as Nancini give us today only slightly different draughts from the same vine. And is it too much to hope that the new Spanish school may soon expand into a genuine Mediterranean movement, where the native genius of Greeks, Sicilians, Provençals and Andalusians may yet achieve an outburst of color as characteristic and vital as has proved for the introspective North our Teutonic outburst in music?

Many times as I sat studying this Greek picture, that seemed to sparkle and foam afresh like newly poured wine, I heard feminine exclamations in French or English,—“What charming Japanese women!” Then the gruff voice of a husband, “Stuff! Not Japanese; they’re Greek!” But the mistake was not, after all, so strange; for the free loose robes, falling from shoulder to sandal, bear indeed some resemblance to a kimono. Also the gay frank colors, mosaiced in local tone, do not differ so utterly, in system of composing, from a Japanese print. And I thought to myself,—“Alexandria and Yedo! After all, East to East, shoulder to shoulder!” And again, “How can we measure our unconscious debt to the subtle suggestions of Japanese art?” French painters now perhaps forget that obligation, having long ago accepted the clearness for an axiom. They are too occupied in breaking up the flatness with reflections. And indeed other men, like Whistler, have founded on this wide eclecticism. Manet and Degas knew just what they wanted to borrow from Utaman and Hokusai. The very Salon jury requires an unconventional cutting of fragments from the con-

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tinuous tissue of life, quite unconscious that it was the Oriental who first taught us to relish such bizarre placing.

BUT, speaking of Whistler, a last point of comparison strikes me. May it prove also a prophecy. Let us admit that experiment in modern painting has exhausted itself in newer and fuller color-orchestration. There still remains something to incorporate from past art; namely, a sensuous beauty of form and proportion, that we have long let slip from our thought. Loveliness of shape may be a more recondite glory than loveliness of color; but it is at least as real, and more basic. For the very enamels of color, so to speak, must be set in the *cloisonné* of line. Is it too much to ask that the element of Greek form be as thoroughly revitalized for modern uses as has been the element of Japanese color? Is it too great a strain for our genius to reunite the long divorced parents of visual art? Even here Whistler is already to the fore, with his studies of lightly draped nudes, so like Tanagra figurines. His Mediterranean idyls almost sing in paint what Keats sang in verse, meriting for title "Ode to a Grecian Lover." But now comes Rochegrosse, with slightly coarser taste but a more normal manner, essaying solution of the same ultimate problem. For, with all his seething golds and greens and crushed strawberries, he pours them into human contours essentially Greek in grace. And here we come back to our original proposition, that an over-study of antique fragments, colorless from excavation, has well nigh paralyzed the vision of our sculptors. Their beauty seems so unearthly; we cannot breathe ordinary vitality into them. But Greek life itself?—surely it was not this, not limited to this! Not only its Oriental gorgeousness, but a far greater pictorial plasticity of line,—supple quickness and unity of motion, and a thousand flashing charms of bodily expression,—must have wonderfully heightened the beauty of that real procession of knights and maidens that surged upward through the newly-constructed Propylaeum. As transcendent indeed to some privileged painter's eye as his marble frieze to the sculptor Phidias! And if it is through the loss of Greek painting that we have escaped a second tyranny over modern vision, let us celebrate our thanks not by leaving void the part it might have filled, but by exercising a privilege of recreating, as naively as children, the vital space-play of a vanished art. Will Greece herself ever do this? Shall Spain be first in the field? Is Whistler's example dead for Americans? Or will the French take Rochegrosse seriously enough to make of him a point for departure? These are the vital problems of the future, and of the present Salon.

POSTAL SERVICE EXTENSION: WHAT POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS AND A CHEAP AND EFFICIENT PARCEL POST WOULD MEAN TO FARMER AND WAGE-EARNER: BY THE EDITOR



THE urgent necessity for stopping short on the road along which we as a nation have been traveling, and for beginning afresh on a basis which shall lead to broader and sounder national prosperity, is now universally acknowledged, and also it is being admitted more and more generally that no phase of the present movement toward better conditions is of more vital importance than the turning of the tide which hitherto has been flowing steadily from the country into the cities, back to the country again. With the needs of our rapidly increasing population,—especially with the flood of immigration pouring in so rapidly that at times it threatens almost to submerge our national life,—has come a realization of the importance not only of conserving our natural resources so that the tremendous population of the future may not be deprived of its natural heritage, but also of taking measures to increase the yield of farm products upon which such a mighty multitude depends for food,—a thing that can be done only by increasing the number and efficiency of the tillers of the soil. It is toward this end that our economists and social reformers are working, and much of our recent legislation has been directed toward finding some practical means by which it may be accomplished. Unquestionably, under modern conditions, the revival of farm and village life can be brought about only by making life in the country as attractive to an energetic, capable business man as life in the city, and the sole way to do this is to increase its comforts and conveniences, to remove the sense of isolation which more than anything else has helped to drain the farming districts of the best part of their population, and to give to the farmer and the country merchant the same opportunities for advancement that hitherto have been regarded as the exclusive property of the dwellers in cities.

Among the many plans suggested of late for the bettering of conditions in farm and village life none promises to be more speedily or widely effective than the proposed measure to increase the efficiency of the postal service by extending the present parcel post system, installing a special parcel post on rural routes and establishing a postal

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savings bank in connection with every rural delivery route and every office having a money order department. That this measure, so strongly urged upon Congress by Postmaster-General Meyer during the past session, will be passed either during the next session or in the course of the coming Administration is practically a certainty now, for not only has the wide publicity given it won cordial support from all parts of the country, but it has been formally endorsed in the platforms of both great parties.

Naturally that part of the measure which has attracted the lion's share of public attention has been the proposal to install a system of postal savings banks, a plan for benefiting the public which has been urged by one Postmaster-General after another upon Congress ever since eighteen seventy-one, and which has been put into effect and carried on with the utmost success in a number of European countries during the last thirty or forty years. The benefits that would accrue from such a measure are obvious, both from a theoretical point of view and from the results of actual experience in other countries, yet hitherto the opposition of the interests arrayed against it has been strong enough to prevent its enactment. This opposition, which comes chiefly from private savings institutions, is precisely the same as that encountered in England during the fifty years that elapsed between the first suggestion of postal savings banks and their actual establishment, but there, as in all the other countries where the plan has been tried, the postal savings bank, far from injuring the business of private savings institutions, has greatly increased it because of the opportunity given to the great mass of the people to cultivate habits of thrift and economy from very small beginnings. In England the private savings banks increased their capital by more than ten millions of dollars during the first fifteen years that followed the establishment of postal savings institutions, and the statistics show that in all of the eighteen countries which followed the lead of England the deposits in savings institutions of all kinds have about doubled in the past eight or ten years.

IN THIS country the greatest need for postal savings banks is felt in the South, Middle West and on the Pacific Coast, where private savings banks are comparatively few and not within easy reach of the greater part of the population. In New England and the State of New York the savings institutions are quite sufficient to accommodate the people, but it is alleged that while, by reason of the number and location of savings banks, there is one savings ac-

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count to every two of the population in New England, in all the country outside of New England and New York the average is only one savings account to every one hundred and fifty-seven of the population. As people in all parts of the country are pretty much the same in the essentials of character it is obvious that the people of the South and the West do not save their earnings as do those of New England, merely because of the lack of secure places in which to make their deposits.

And even where there are savings institutions comparatively near at hand they do not always meet the wants of all the people. They are not open at all times and seasons, nor at convenient hours for many of the working people, nor for long continued periods. They are not always situated at convenient points, and in times of financial stress it is hard to make the people, especially foreigners, believe that such institutions are able to afford adequate protection to their savings. This has been shown very conclusively by the investigations made by Postmaster-General Meyer, who has obtained accurate data of the enormous amounts of money sent out through the post office to various European countries. The sum total for the year nineteen hundred and seven was about ninety millions, of which twenty millions went to Italy. These sums were made up of money orders averaging about forty dollars, the amounts showing the little savings that workmen had accumulated and put by. It has also been discovered by careful inquiry that the larger number of these small deposits were sent abroad to be placed in postal savings banks in other countries, the people feeling sure only of the savings institutions which in their native land had government security back of them. A number of Italians being questioned on the subject, said frankly that it was a practice among them to send their savings abroad to be put into savings banks in Italy, the reason given being that the poorer class of Italians come over here with very little knowledge of our language and that they are nervous concerning our private banking institutions, but have absolute confidence in the government. Many letters from postmasters to the Department have also stated that foreigners were in the habit of coming to them and asking them to take care of sums of money. When the request was refused, as of course it had to be, a great many bought money orders payable to themselves, such orders being good for a year. This was done only in instances where they did not send the money away.

Of course, from the economic point of view the importance of keeping this money in the country is very great. When the money

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thus sent abroad in a steady stream is added to the money that is withdrawn from ordinary banks by small depositors and hoarded during times of panic, the drain upon our currency during periods of stress is enormous. It is estimated that during the late panic more than half a billion dollars disappeared from public use in these ways, and that this enormous sum was almost entirely made up of the small savings of poor people.

IT IS by no means the object of the government to accumulate these savings in the Treasury, where they would lie idle, but to restore them to circulation by working in coöperation with the national banks and regular savings institutions. No one person would be allowed to deposit more than five hundred dollars in a single year in a postal savings bank, and no more than two per cent. interest would be paid. The money so deposited would be brought into circulation by asking authority from Congress to place it in the national banks of the country, not in a few financial centers but in the banks of the district where the money has been deposited. The Postmaster-General asserts that he has been assured by a number of presidents of national banks that they would pay for such money turned over to them a rate of interest varying from two to three per cent. The Postal Department would guarantee the depositor only two per cent.,—or one per cent. semi-annually, so that the postal savings banks would not in any way compete with the regular savings banks, as the rates of the latter are usually from three to four per cent.

As regards the expense of establishing and maintaining such a system, Postmaster-General Meyer recently sent an expert to Canada to study the postal savings bank system which has worked so successfully there, and the report brought back was that practically no additional clerk hire is required for the savings banks in the various post offices, the entries being made in each instance by the money order clerk. Adapting the same system to this country, a report would be made daily to Washington and from Washington the acknowledgment of the deposit would be forwarded to the original depositor. That this is a safe method is best shown by the fact that in thirty-nine years four hundred and sixty-five millions have been received and disbursed in Canada with a loss to the Canadian government of not more than twenty-five thousand dollars. The total deposits in Canadian postal savings banks at the present time amount to about forty-five millions.

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Naturally the most far-reaching effect in this country of such a system of savings institutions would be the opportunity afforded for the cultivation of thrift, a quality in which as a nation we have been woefully lacking. When a man keeps his money by him, he is very apt to spend it, but when such money could be deposited safely and without trouble by giving it to the postman or carrier, there is a good opportunity provided to begin to accumulate, and when once the habit of accumulation is formed it quickly takes root. In the large cities the banks are often closed at the hour when the laborer is going home at the end of the week with his wages in his pocket. There is no place for him to deposit such portion of it as he might feel he could put aside from the week's expenses, but there is always the saloon, and many a dollar which would willingly and gladly be put aside for a rainy day, had the opportunity offered at the right time, is spent unthinkingly in passing conviviality. This is in the city, but in the country the opportunities are even fewer and the inconvenience greater. There the money must be kept in the house until a trip is made to the nearest town large enough to support a bank, and the temptations thus afforded for theft and other crimes form the basis of many a sensational story of murder and robbery in our daily papers. Also, the presence of ready money in the house makes the farmer and his family easy prey to the itinerant salesmen of all sorts of commercial concerns, as well as to the allurements of department store catalogues, so that many a trashy and unnecessary thing is purchased on impulse, which would have been refused had it been necessary to draw the money from the bank.

In Canada the statistics show that the deposits of farmers in postal savings banks comprise over one-third of the whole; that the deposits of married women come next, being nearly one-fifth of the whole; while next in order come mechanics, single women, laborers, widows, clerks and tradesmen, the professional men and women being at the foot of the list. The postal savings bank is first of all intended for people whose savings are small and whose deposits are frequent. It goes to places where the express company does not reach and where banks cannot afford to locate, and it makes the beginning of a bank account for the man, woman or child who has from ten cents to a dollar to put away at a time, as well as affording a means of temporary safe deposit to the farmer who has just received a cash payment for crops or stock.

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THE establishment of the postal savings bank in this country would afford to the working man or woman the opportunity to accumulate by degrees sufficient money to buy a home or become a property owner in a small way, and this is universally admitted to be the start toward good citizenship. But the other measures included in the proposed reform, namely:—the extension of the parcel post system at more reasonable rates and the installation of a parcel post on the rural routes, would be almost as far-reaching in their effect, for the reason that, if carried out as suggested, they would inevitably favor the establishment of small shops in villages and towns, afford an incentive to shop keepers already in business to improve and increase their stock and give to the farmers a service as adequate as could be obtained in the city. This extension of the postal service is no newer than the question of postal savings banks, nor is its desirability less assured. As the matter stands now, the United States is far behind other countries in the matter of postal service. We pay a higher price for a more limited service than obtains in any other of the thirty-three countries with which we have postal conventions, with the result that the express companies reap a rich harvest while this important branch of the public service does not now fill more than a fraction of the field intended for it. In this country everything that exceeds the weight limit of four pounds must be sent by express and even within the limit it is cheaper to send a package by express than by mail at sixteen cents a pound. In twenty-four foreign countries with which we have postal conventions the weight limit is eleven pounds and the postage in all but four cases is twelve cents per pound, so that it is actually cheaper to send a package abroad by mail than it is to send it from one point to another within the limits of the United States.

The natural consequence of this is that the parcel post in this country is used only to a comparatively limited extent. In England, where an eleven pound package three feet six inches in length may be sent for twelve cents a pound, the parcel post service on liberal and efficient lines has been maintained for the past twenty-five years, with the result that a tremendous saving of time and expense has been effected in many branches of industry. The growth of the parcel post in Great Britain has been astonishing. Shortly after the system was established, the owners of small farms in remote localities asked for an agricultural parcel post and the growers of spring flowers in Kerry urged that it would enable them to compete with the South of France and the Scilly Isles. Both demands were granted and

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now the produce of all manner of culturists goes by post in tremendous volume to London and other large cities. Fresh fish are sent from seaport towns to the big hotels and are delivered promptly, while meats, cheese, fruits, vegetables and freshly laid eggs in mail packages form a very considerable factor in the commerce of Great Britain. Big retail stores of London use the parcel service for the delivery of goods; laundries return washing by parcel post and all sorts of goods are sent and delivered in this way. In Germany and Switzerland the service is even cheaper and the weight limit is placed at one hundred and ten pounds.

SPEAKING of the success of the rural routes, of which there are more than thirty-eight thousand already established in this country, Mr. Meyer says: "The isolation which existed in many parts of the country has been overcome; the people are in daily communication with their friends in the rest of the world; the daily papers and magazines come to the door of every farm house on the rural routes, and enlightenment and information are being spread broadcast through the land. Medical men have said that already the establishment of the rural service is having its effect upon the mentality of our country patrons, and that because of it insanity is on the decrease. The extension of the rural routes to include a parcel post," he asserts, "will be a boon both to the rural population and to the store-keeper, as the latter can receive his orders by mail or telephone and despatch the desired merchandise by the rural carrier. The farmer will be saved from hitching up his horse and losing the time he needs for planting or harvesting his crops, and it will enable the store-keeper to increase his sales and meet the requirements of modern trade."

Much of the opposition to this measure has come from the country store-keeper, who very naturally dreads that such largely increased facilities for delivery by mail would simply extend the already wide domain of the department store and drive him completely out of business. But this objection has been met by the plan for a special postal service for the rural routes, which would be given at a much lower rate than that prevailing throughout the general system of parcel post. This special rate as advocated by Mr. Meyer would be five cents for the first pound and two cents for each successive pound up to the limit of eleven pounds, thus enabling any one along the line of a rural route to use the mails for delivery of packages at a charge of twenty-five cents for the maximum weight, as opposed to

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one dollar and thirty-two cents for the same weight if sent at the regular rate of twelve cents a pound,—which regular rate would necessarily have to be used by department stores unless they should go to the trouble and expense of maintaining a large system of rural agencies throughout the country.

THE result of such a system in bringing about the general dissemination of business throughout the country by fostering small individual enterprises is almost beyond calculation, especially as a secondary result would be the growth of small villages and settlements throughout the thinly settled farming districts. And these two changes in the present state of affairs would go far toward solving the whole problem of the possibility of turning the tide from the city back into the country. The hardships and discomforts of many of the conditions of city life, particularly among people of limited means, and the uncertainty of the wage-earner's means of livelihood, are now endured chiefly because of the greater disadvantages that are attached to farming in remote parts of the country or to undertaking the responsibility of working independently of any large commercial or industrial organization. For months THE CRAFTSMAN has been urging the establishment of rural settlements and the introduction of handicrafts in connection with small farms. Nothing that is likely to be done in the way of legislation to this end seems to us to make so possible a general change for the better along these lines as the postal measures recommended by the Postmaster-General, supported by the President and now recognized by Republicans and Democrats alike as a reform that will not be downed, no matter how powerful are the interests opposing it. Given the postal savings bank as an encouragement to thrift, and transportation facilities that will not only bring all necessary merchandise within reach of the farmer, but also take the products of his own industry and a great part of the output of the village workshops to the nearest market at a reasonable rate, and the rest will follow almost as a matter of course. When a man has a fund of several hundred dollars, there is hardly any question as to what he will do with it if he has a chance. The desire to own a home and a little patch of land is universal with civilized mankind and when to the possibility of gratifying this desire is added facilities that render life in the country as interesting and as much abreast of the times as life in the city, the tenement question in cities will soon cease to be the serious problem it is now.

THE ETHICS AND ÆSTHETICS OF THE PUSH CART: BY MARION WINTHROP



VERY now and then we hear of an altercation based upon somebody's wrongs in connection with the push cart. It may be that viewed from certain individual standpoints this little street institution is a nuisance; but the sociology of the push cart is not, after all, so simple as it seems, and not to speak of its nice adaptation to certain human needs not unworthy of recognition, its æsthetic phase is one to be taken seriously, for the push cart furnishes one of the few notes of color in our dingy streets. In the uptown quarters we do not ordinarily see any wares for sale other than fruit and peanuts—to which the Italian takes as naturally as if they were a product of his own soil. These little carts piled up with oranges, red and yellow bananas, lemons, red and green apples make a truly Roman color combination, gay and pleasing upon sunny days, acquiring a curious vividness in relation to a rainy street and gray skies. And the dark-skinned owner of the cart usually composes harmoniously with its contents. Occasionally we will see some picturesque pusher of a cart—perhaps a Syrian or an Armenian—passing through the street, his wares covered with a cloth of divers colors that undoubtedly came with him to the New World, perhaps tied about his simple possessions.

In the foreign quarters of the town push carts are as thick as dandelions in April. They may be seen drawn up in a regular row at the curb, packed side by side, apparently containing everything needed for the simple life, from patent collar buttons to hats, garments of all descriptions, shoes, vegetables, fruits of all kinds, cakes, jewelry and even rosaries. In fact, these little carts that line the streets in the tenement districts are the New World substitute for the Continental street booths and market days. And in certain quarters it is customary to have a regular day for gathering together to buy and sell, as on the European market day.

One has only to walk down the streets south of Washington Square or east of St. Mark's Place to come upon these push-cart market neighborhoods, although they are to be found in far greater numbers in the congested quarters farther south and east. It must be admitted that in the Jewish quarters there is more that the eye must pass over and ignore if it is in search of pleasure. We cannot reasonably expect from first generation steerage emigrants of the class that we are now receiving very definite ideas of cleanness, and the Jewish variety of uncleanness is unpleasantly mixed with grease and

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disagreeable associations of food, whereas the German and Italians acquire easily certain surface phases of cleanness that makes them pleasanter to look upon. Then, too, the Jews have not as a race the beauty of the other Orientals or of Greeks and Italians.

The push cart not only meets the demand of the neighboring laborer, the passer-by and the street child for cheap fruit to be obtained at the smallest degree of retail, it is often the commercial stepping stone of the foreign emigrant. The average Greek or Italian starts with a little capital which he invests in a push cart and its stock in trade. The next move is to the little stationary street stand, then a little shop. It is a legitimate progress, far more so than that of many of our emigrants, and it is difficult to understand why there should be so much hostility toward the first step. Yet the push cart man, who has paid for his license, is the prey of the street gamin whose cruel little pranks are invariably winked at by the policeman on the block. He is roughly treated by the officers directing traffic, and is a general object of street persecution. Some of this may be that guerrilla warfare that invariably exists between Irish and "Dago", but whatever its cause, it is cruel and unjust. It is not easy work pushing that heavy cart about the crowded streets, dodging traffic and the teasing little hoodlums driving delivery carts who are unmercifully beating their horses, crashing pell mell into anything and everything, and deliberately charging into foot passengers and push carts. It would be far more to the point to put the energy which is used in denouncing push carts into enforcing the law which forbids boys under a certain age to drive in the streets.

It is undoubtedly true that the Italian, whose maxim is to work when he works and play when he plays, gravitates naturally toward the strongly marked light and shade of the push cart profession. For if, when he moves about, his work is heavy and difficult, when he stands still in the sun waiting for customers he can observe the passers-by or entertain callers at his ease, and not infrequently he may be seen partaking of his wares with the evident enjoyment in small pleasures which is the heritage of Southern peoples.

The only matter that needs watching in this push cart traffic is the manner in which the well-intentioned but often ignorant little dealer cares for his wares. But when we come to the microbe question we come to a problem which is tied up with the subject of foreign emigration in many and manifold ways. And as for the push cart man,—his is a humble success and one that no one need grudge him, for in the majority of cases it is hardly and honestly won.

PIONEERS IN MODERN AMERICAN ART: A GROUP OF MEN WHOSE INFLUENCE HAS GREATLY AIDED ITS DEVELOPMENT: BY GILES EDGERTON



AMERICAN art has become a legitimate subject of conversation in Paris and Munich, and even in New York and Boston. Having secured recognition, it has begun to awaken curiosity. The most practical among us have commenced to say: "It could not, of course, have become good all at once; crude yesterday, and technically interesting this morning; futile and imitative last spring, but vital and individual this fall." And thinking thus, it is natural that our interest should be stirred toward the men of power, of patience, of courage, who for some decades past have been setting the example of good painting in this country,—men of culture and critical judgment developed by wide travel and study; men with vast confidence in the art possibilities in America, which they have fostered more by deeds than words. One marvels not a little at the greatness of these workers and their apparent obliviousness to the press agent's broad and smooth path to fame.

But evidently fame was not the question with them, nor the greatness of American art, nor any definite self-conscious motive. Their own best development was what they were aiming for in the first place, and in the second place the most convincing expression of that development in their art. It was their relation to the progress of this art that they considered, not the relation of their art to the world. The latter point of view is not to be despised however in the progress of a country, for the more national and, in a way, insular, art becomes, the more historical and definitely valuable it proves to a nation. This however is wholly a different story, and one that has often been told in *THE CRAFTSMAN*.

But of these men, who by their quiet greatness have helped to build up the sturdy, permanent foundations of our art, there is another tale to tell, one in which neither the nation nor the individual pre-eminently figures—but rather an objective art, through which each man has striven for his highest achievement. Some of these men have held close to the traditional greatness of foreign lands, already established for centuries, both in subject and expression; others, holding to the classic in technical expression, have chosen subjects from their immediate environment or from historical events of significance in their own lands. The tremendous pull of the picturesque

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conditions of America in the process of strange and swift development has not appealed to them as a whole as it has to our younger men, who find the very big crudeness and infinite variety of our nation a constant inspiration. These older men have painted or modeled as the desire came, in Florence or New Hampshire, in Munich or Boston, seeking only to reach the, to them, supreme goal in art, their own highest standpoint of perfection.

There is one man whose portrait appears among the illustrations for this article, yet who may not properly be ranked as one of the group of objective workers. Gutzon Borglum, while in one sense he belongs with the men who are beginning to influence American art, is nevertheless essentially subjective,—a sculptor of natural environments, a man who is contributing largely to the present awakening of a national spirit in our art. He is neither an idealist nor a dreamer,—rather is he a seer of visions, a prophet, a worker in the midst of vast surroundings and extraordinary conditions, yet one who sees beauty always in the real and poetry in all truth; and also he is preëminently of the present, with fresh and vital power to convince other workers of the force and truth in which he himself believes.

The man who will step into the future quite alone in the rare quality of his influence on American art is Childe Hassam, an artist who has in turn been both an intensely vivid individualist, and a classicist without apology. In his younger days he unaffectedly reproduced the technique of Monet, but quickly evolved from it a method of his own, at once new and brilliant, as definite a forward step in art as Monet's own creative methods had been. He saw color in mighty, splendid volumes, and discovered a new way of holding it to the canvas,—not the splashes of deep, rich color which Paris had always been crazy about, but color put on in so vivid, so sparkling a fashion that the wonder of his sea and sky and flesh tint has made an overwhelming impression upon the art in his own time the world over. Naturally such work as Mr. Hassam's has brought forth scores of imitators, good and bad. He has indeed unconsciously come more nearly to establishing a school of American landscape-painting than almost any other of our artists, with possibly the exception of the late John Twachtman. And he is undoubtedly more imitated than Twachtman because the style which he has created is more noticeable, more brilliant, though not more creative.

To many of our artists here in America, our critics, our laymen, John H. Twachtman ranks as the greatest of our landscape painters. Certainly as a dreamer of mysteriously beautiful dreams, as a lover



From a photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

CHILDE HASSAM, AMERICAN PAINTER.



From a photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

GUTZON BORGLUM, AMERICAN SCULPTOR.



From a photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

KARL BITTER, AMERICAN SCULPTOR.



From a photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

IRVING R. WILES, AMERICAN PAINTER.



From a photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH,
AMERICAN SCULPTOR.



From a photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

J. ALDEN WEIR, AMERICAN PAINTER.

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of nature in every spiritual mood, as a painter of fine, gray thoughts, of fleeting memories, of atmospheric conditions that carry to the observer tenderness or sadness, and all those very subtle joys and sorrows that nature brings or withholds as a man is poet or plodder, Twachtman is without peer in America. He was one from whom artists young and old sought inspiration as well as knowledge.

It is hard to tell to what extent this painter of nature thrilled consciously to the sights and sounds of sea and sky and woods; or how much of the poetry of his canvases is due to pure genius that sees color and form only, but sees it so finely and sensitively that all else is included therein. Only a painter's dearest friends or most intimate pupils may give us the solution of this problem. But of one thing we feel sure, that the greatness of Twachtman we, as a nation, are just beginning to realize and his influence has but commenced to fulfill its task.

The definite effect of the work of a man like Irving Wiles is already noticeable in the portrait work of the younger school of American portrait painters. In many ways Mr. Wiles' method is more often imitated than those of Sargent or Whistler, for it is less whimsical in technique, more reasonable in composition than these men who rank as the greatest in our country. Hence his methods are more actually at the service of the students who are striving for the best possible results for their efforts. Mr. Wiles' own progress is not at an end; from year to year one finds in his exhibited work added beauty of color and simplicity of brush work.

Daniel Chester French's sculpture has one quality in common with Augustus Saint-Gaudens—unerring good taste and almost faultless execution. He is essentially an intellectual sculptor, a man who never forgets the standards and art histories of all times and peoples. Whatever his subject, his personal impression of the work is always more or less classical. But what splendid conceptions of greatness in all its human manifestations French has given us—national ideals to attain to and hold to for our country's permanent uplifting! And always given with enduring beauty!

Karl Bitter is another one of America's sculptors, the power of whose achievement has reached men and women who are working in our schools and studios. He is less conspicuously modern and national than Borglum, and on the other hand shows distinctly less classical influence than French and Saint-Gaudens. There is a fine spontaneity about his figures and groups, coupled with originality of feeling and a certain real suggestion of very vivid temperament in the

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artist. Although still a distinctly young man, Mr. Bitter is a force in all matters of national art development.

In all gathering of artists in this country for the discussion of important art matters; wherever the real beginning of American art in landscape work is known; whenever one remembers the founders of our successful art societies; when one wishes to refer to the first of our painters of serenely beautiful landscapes, the name of J. Alden Weir is registered. Mr. Weir was among the first of our landscape men (after the time of Inness and Martin) who painted familiar country as he felt and saw it. He listened to no other man's message, nor sought to evade the straightforward honesty of his own at a time when there was much fear and confusion in the native art expression of our country.

Although the seven men presented in this group of artists in no way form a school of art, nor are they related in any technical expression, they nevertheless are so significant, as representing a particular period of our art development, that it seems natural that they should be presented in one article as being more or less pioneers at a time when their work was of widest significance to the nation.

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WITH little money one may enter here,
And yet those haggard faces watch outside
The frosty window—and the door is wide!
The clatter to my unaccustomed ear
Of dishes and harsh tongues, is like a spear
Shaken within the sensitive, wounded side
Of Silence. Soiled, indifferent hands provide
Pitiful fare and cups of pallid cheer.

In my warm, fragrant home an hour ago
I wrote a poem on the peace they win
Who worship Beauty. Let me breathe it low:
What would it mean if chanted in this din?
What would it say to those out in the snow,
Who hunger, and who may not enter in?

—ELSA BARKER.

THE TURN OF THE FLOOD: A STORY: BY MARY HEATON VORSE



LIZABETH ALLEN had her first glimpse of the situation before she had been a week in her son's house. What had happened was simple enough, but it gave her food for thought. Luke was sitting in his mother's room when Ada came in. Luke's back was toward the door and he did not turn his head at his wife's approach. When she put her hand on his shoulder and said:

"Luke," in a low tone,—"Well, Ada," he replied, and there was a perceptible tinge of resignation in his voice, the voice of a man who says, "Well, I'm in for it now."

At that, without another word, Ada fled from the room like a whirlwind. That the door didn't slam behind her was a tribute to her early upbringing.

Luke Allen glanced at his mother, shrugging his shoulders. Mrs. Allen asked succinctly:

"What ails Ada?"

"I wish *you'd* tell *me* what 'ails Ada,'" he burst out impatiently. "I don't pretend to understand women." Then he added dryly, "Ada has a great many 'feelings,' you know—any amount of them."

"Do you mean her feelings are hurt?" his mother asked. She was very much bewildered. Never in her well-ordered life had she fled whirlwind-like from any room, nor could the circumstances have arisen to make her act in this way. To her question her son answered again.

"Oh, I suppose so." His tone was weary; the boyish blitheness which made him so charming died out. Mrs. Allen's serene brow wrinkled itself into a perplexed little frown.

"I am afraid, my son, that you and Ada are not as happy as I should like to see you."

"Oh, we jog along," said Luke.

He rose in the same weary, lack-luster way. He knew so well what would happen next. It was part of the emotional treadmill that Ada should come to dinner as full of gaiety as a child. She was dressed in a lovely pink gown, ruffled like a rose, its silken rustling talking eloquently of parties.

"Where are we going tonight?" Luke asked, and let Ada read in his eyes how very lovely she was.

"To the Tallent's," she answered, and shot him a look of suspicion, as if to surprise any latent unwillingness in him. He caught

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the look, and his face fell, but when they drove off together, Luke's blitheness had returned and Ada was in the best of high spirits. As Mrs. Allen saw them off, they seemed to her the incarnation of youth and gaiety, and she went to bed with the consoling picture of them, though still perplexed as to what the scene had been about.

Elizabeth Allen had always had an unspoken pride in Ada. She enjoyed watching the neighbors stare at Ada's dresses, and at Ada herself, who was so incomparably more splendid than anyone else's daughter-in-law. Not that she felt comfortable with Ada, for Ada was to the little, quiet lady larger than life; the intensity of her enthusiasms, her loud ringing gaiety, seemed to Mrs. Allen like some elemental quality which might at any moment sweep away all the familiar landmarks.

The first week had begun her life of surprises. Breakfast had been the first.

"Doesn't Ada come down?" she asked.

"Never!" Luke had replied, with a satisfaction in his emphasis which foreshadowed their attitude toward each other.

Breakfast became a pleasant hour to mother and son. Soon Luke formed the habit of going to his mother's room when he came home from business. His mother would greet him with a gentle, "Have you had a satisfactory day, my son?" and further made no demand upon him. They talked very little together, for between them was always the shadow of Luke's and Ada's last unpleasantness—and there always was a last unpleasantness. Between scenes, so to speak, Ada would be gay and gracious, while Luke unbent also; but like a careful mariner in strange waters, he was never quite at his ease. He was perpetually on the watch for shoals, his ear quick for the sound of breakers, and often fancying he heard them when there were none. Ada would ask, for instance, in all candor:

"You can't come with me tonight, can you?"

"I can't, as you know," Luke would reply, and then add gratuitously, "And I would be glad if you wouldn't make a scene about it."

"There is trouble and to spare in this house" was Mrs. Allen's summing up of her first days under her son's roof. "What irritated Luke so, and why were Ada's feelings hurt?" was what she asked herself, after one of Ada's furious exits, as Luke walked the floor.

The walking of floors and the flying from rooms was only the beginning. They soon became so used to her quiet presence that by the time she had completed her first month with them, they were morally, so to speak, in their shirt-sleeves, their stocking-feet on the table.

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As they quarreled at their ease before her, Mrs. Allen would sit very quiet, her heart beating like a trip-hammer. Each storm left her in fear of a worse; she was fully prepared for the cyclone. Yet, when it came at last, she was as shaken as if she had never expected such a thing. It began in a trivial way, as did all their storms. Luke said:

"Oh, I suppose I've got to go tonight—though I'd give a dollar to stay home."

Ada replied quickly:—"You needn't go if you don't want to."

What was there in that to warn one the cyclone was coming?

"Why can't you go without me?" Luke asked. At that Ada drooped—she could droop like a sunstruck flower.

"For heaven's sake, don't cry!" Luke gave back, turning to his paper, "I shall go whether you do or not."

It was when Luke actually went without Ada that the cyclone broke, for Ada burst into an abandon of weeping the like of which Mrs. Allen had never seen. It appalled her; she would have been glad to fly from it, but a certain awful fascination held her; besides, she didn't dare to go, for it didn't seem possible that anyone could give way to such grief without ill consequences. After a while, the fury of the storm abated, and died away with the suddenness of cyclonic storms, leaving behind the wreck of Ada. Her beautiful hair was disheveled into tragic strands, her eyes were puffed and swollen; there were dark red marks on her wrists, where she had dug her nails deep in.

"I wish I were like you," she said, for Mrs. Allen had weathered the gale sitting quietly in her chair. She had fluttered over to Ada and had murmured timid comforting words which were as straws in the flood of Ada's agony, and had fluttered back to her chair, in horrified silence, but outwardly unshaken.

"I suppose you think I'm an awful fool," Ada said next.

Elizabeth Allen didn't answer; she felt as if what she had passed through had carried all her words away.

"It isn't, you know, just because Luke went without me," Ada explained, in a matter-of-fact tone. "It's because we're—drifting away from each other." And the little break in Ada's voice touched Mrs. Allen more than all the tears she had shed.

"Oh, Luke's so blind—blind—blind! He doesn't see where we're going! I can't make him see. We're losing each other, Luke and I; we're losing each other!"

Ada rose to her feet, towering a tragic figure before the little woman.

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"You must have seen me trying. You must have seen me coming to him all affection, fairly offering my heart to him—and seen him turn away. And yet he cares for me—some. He isn't all indifference to me—yet. Oh, it's awful, awful to see the thing that makes life worth living go before your eyes, and try to help it and yet have it ebb from you like the tide!"

It was very sad; it was also very amazing, for of all the unsatisfactory explanations of the discord between Luke and Ada that Elizabeth Allen had inspected and then discarded as inadequate, she had never suspected for a moment that Ada's abrupt exits, her tragic manners, were because she was attempting to keep Luke's love. She turned it all over in her mind.

"I am sure Luke loves you very dearly," was what she finally brought out.

"He's letting me go; he's letting me slide," Ada insisted, forlornly. Her eyes were dry now, but desolation was in every bend of her lovely body; even the folds of her dress seemed to take on their wearer's forsaken air. "He'd let me go alone, if I would; he'd let me go by myself—you saw that."

"It has sometimes seemed, my dear, that Luke would enjoy going out with you all the more if you sometimes *did* go out alone," Mrs. Allen ventured.

"You don't know how men swarm around a woman who's seen about without her husband," Ada replied, simply. "If I once got the reputation of being unhappy, that would be—the end."

They sat in silence for a while, each one brooding over her own thoughts, Mrs. Allen trying to understand in all its complications the society Ada had shown her—and shown her with such unconcern; one of Ada's most upsetting traits was her way of bringing out appalling things with the same tranquillity with which she might remark that the day was fine.

Presently Ada took up her plaint. "And Luke won't help me. Luke won't see! I feel as if we were both in some swift-rushing stream that was bearing us away. We might fight it together, but if we let go each other's hands, we'll be drowned. So I grab hold of him and cling to him, but—it's no use."

Mrs. Allen was not skilled in the use of metaphor; it occurred to her however that people who fought too hard against drowning, drowned all the more quickly. Ada looked at her mother-in-law, and what she saw in the delicate, distressed face touched her.

"You poor dear!" she cried. "I've worried you awfully; I'm

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a beast. But anyway, you've seen enough before this, and I love Luke——"

She stopped, then for a moment Mrs. Allen looked into Ada's heart and turned her eyes away ashamed, for in that moment she had seen how it was Ada loved Luke. It was a love which burned Ada and tortured her, an all-devouring flame that would give her no rest, nor could she in her turn give any peace to Luke.

It was soon after this that Mrs. Allen began to venture on timid words of counsel. When Luke broke out:

"She's got to stop these scenes, you know! I can't stand them; no man could!" Mrs. Allen answered, wistfully:

"She loves you very dearly, Luke. All she wants is your affection."

"She's a queer way of showing it," he answered, with his weary bitterness. "Why don't she leave me alone sometimes? I love her too. I'm very fond of Ada; but a man's got to be left alone sometimes—and by God, I'm going to be! I won't stand it!"

And when Mrs. Allen suggested mildly to Ada after one of her volcanic explosions:

"Don't you think, my dear, that one should choose one's times and seasons with a busy man——"

"Oh, I'm not politic," Ada would answer, recklessly. "People in pain seldom are. It's when I'm hurt that I cry out. When you love people so terribly you can't be tactful."

There were two things that no one could dispute. One was that Ada did love her husband "terribly," as she said, and the other was that she suffered; she didn't make scenes out of sheer unreasonable wantonness. Rather, they were wrung from her by her pain, and deep in Elizabeth Allen a responsive chord stirred. She remembered how long ago her husband failed her, how the rainbow colored dreams she had dreamed as a young woman turned to gray. She had made her own timid, ineffectual attempts to make her dreams come true; after a while she had stopped dreaming, and had given her dreams to her son instead, and had waked up one morning a sedate married woman, happy as another. But Ada had no one else on whom to spend her affection, no one to think of but Luke.

Elizabeth Allen watched them, an agonized spectator of the battle, but while they had days when they harked back to their first happiness, Mrs. Allen watched for the storm. And the storm never failed her, though she saw its nature was changing. Ada was more reckless, her gaiety on an ever higher key, her anger fiercer, while Luke's nerves were worn to breaking.

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"Things can't go on as they have," Mrs. Allen told herself. There would be some sort of a change, she was sure, some final storm. Nor was she mistaken. When it came, she heard its fury far off. It was followed by three days of cloudy silence, when Mrs. Allen saw neither Ada nor Luke but for a few meaningless minutes.

The heavy hours dragged on, but neither of them came to her. In the stress of their own affair they forgot her. The strain made her ill. It was in her bed she heard of what had happened.

"I simply told Ada she would have to control herself better in the future," was Luke's version. "I told her that I could not go out with her every night. My health won't stand it. My business suffers."

"What did she say to that?" his mother asked him.

"Oh, she made a row at first," he answered. "I expected that; but afterward she became reasonable—surprisingly reasonable for Ada. I ought to have taken a stand sooner."

Mrs. Allen feared this reasonableness of Ada's, from whom she soon learned the other side.

"I don't know whether Luke's told you or not," Ada said, "what he's done. He's practically cut me adrift. He's through with me. You see, I've quite tired him out," she explained—there was no bitterness in her tone, only grief—"So I give up, too; but always, whatever happens, remember I stayed by him till he turned me out."

"What do you suppose *will* happen?" Mrs. Allen quavered.

"I don't know," Ada returned, her tragic eyes fixed on vacancy. Then she rose and kissed her mother-in-law.

"I'll do my best," she said. "I'll do my very best—for your sake as well as Luke's. You're an angel. There are lots of women in your position who would blame me."

Poor Elizabeth Allen was not seeking to place blame. Disaster of some sort threatened, and her mind was busy as to how this might be averted, busy in wondering what it was that was happening to Ada, who since the night Luke had "taken his stand" had been exemplary.

Luke was very much pleased.

"I should have acted much sooner," he told his mother. Of his own accord, he began to be more expansive with Ada.

"Oh, if he prefers me like *this*," Ada told Mrs. Allen, "he can have me!"

Mrs. Allen had always been a frail woman, and now she became a shadow, so fast had she fed herself into the furnace of their lives. Even Luke noticed it, and called in a doctor, who said that she was

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run down and gave her a tonic. But tonics were of very little account beside what Mrs. Allen now had to face. The catastrophe she had so dreaded began to take form.

Its form was, as from the first she had imagined it would be, that of a young man. He was tall, dark, intense, and he kept his eager eyes ostentatiously on Ada. Ada ignored him, snubbed him, flattered him, petted him, and ignored him again. But that was not the significant part of it to Mrs. Allen. She had seen Ada ring the changes of her moods with a series of men. In Ada's world Mrs. Allen had realized early in her stay the perpetual presence of young men was part of the social game. This young man, however, was different from the others. Neither Ada's rudeness nor her indifference moved him, for Ada gave her admirers the full broadside of her moods; not Luke himself got them less veiled. If one couldn't live at Ada's emotional pace, one could go. Ada had never concealed anything in her life, and now, far from concealing her friend, an enemy might have said she flaunted him. Luke and his mother ignored the situation as long as they could. Luke had from the first treated Ada's friends with the good-natured tolerance a large boy accords a small one. It was a very becoming attitude, but at present hardly an adequate one, as Mrs. Allen told her son as the moment came when it could no longer be ignored.

"A man ought to protect his young wife," was how she put it.

Luke laughed.

"I'd like you to suggest how I'm to go about 'protecting' Ada."

"You trust Ada, don't you?"

"She'd better let me trust her!" replied Luke, grimly.

"I've sometimes thought," his mother went on, and no one would have suspected the anguish under her calm manner, "I've sometimes thought Ada didn't want you to trust her quite so much."

"Oh, I don't know what Ada *wants*," Luke broke out, "but I'll tell you what she won't *get*—and that's a scene from me. I *do* trust Ada, I trust her absolutely—but she can make her mind up to the fact that I'm not going to play jealous husband."

Mrs. Allen could only repeat, "I think a man owes it to himself to look after his wife."

"I think he owes it to himself not to be a fool—no matter what his wife is!" Luke replied. "Ada's making a fool of herself. She'll stop—or she won't."

At the grimness of his tone, Mrs. Allen's heart stopped beating, then raced on at full speed.

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"And you won't lift your finger?" she asked, feebly.

"Ada's always made a great fuss about how much she cares for me," he answered, irrelevantly. "Let her prove it, then. I've borne a good deal from Ada, but she needn't try me too far!"

"Do you mean you'll—cast her off?" Ada's tragic phrase came of itself to Mrs. Allen's lips.

"It seems to me that it's Ada who 'casts me off,'" her son replied.

As time went on, Ada brought up the subject of what Mrs. Allen termed, for want of a better word, "the state of things," at first tentatively and then with more and more frankness.

"You see now, don't you?" she told her mother-in-law, "that what I said at first is quite true? Luke's through with me."

"I don't think, my dear," Mrs. Allen replied, mildly, "that you have a right to say that."

"I call shoving your wife—fairly shoving her down other men's throats, being through with her," Ada lucidly explained her position. "If Luke were prepared to play the part of complaisant husband, he couldn't shut his eyes more firmly——"

"Luke trusts you, Ada," Mrs. Allen interrupted, "and you know the part of 'complaisant husband,' as you call it, is one which Luke could never play."

"Oh, I know that," Ada laughed, bitterly. "He'll go on what he calls 'trusting me' until he can't trust me any longer; then he'll throw me over—unless I save him the trouble."

"Do you really mean that you think Luke will ever have cause not to trust you?" Mrs. Allen inquired, anxiously.

"I can't live this way forever," Ada asserted.

"But you love Luke, Ada!" Mrs. Allen cried. "You know you love him!"

"I don't know anything else all day and all night," Ada replied, somberly. "That's the worst of it! That's the awful part of it! If I didn't love him, things would be simple enough. I've thought so often lately that if I cut myself off from him forever, perhaps I could endure life better."

Mrs. Allen was silent. She sat in her customary tranquil pose, a little troubled frown her only sign of disturbance. Ada was stretched out on the divan, abandon and despair in every fold of her elaborate white peignoir. After a moment of reflection, Mrs. Allen spoke.

"I suppose there are few women in this world who have all the love they want."

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Ada raised herself abruptly, and her chin in her hand, stared at her mother-in-law with beautiful, tragic eyes.

"Do you mean all women in the world are hungry—as I am?" she demanded.

"Most women set great store on being cared for——" "Love" was a word that passed Mrs. Allen's lips with difficulty.

"Did *you* ever feel that way?" Ada demanded again.

Mrs. Allen flushed delicately. It did not come easy to say such things. She hesitated a moment.

"As a young woman I did," she confessed at last. "But I got over it—I had Luke, you see—and in the end Luke's father grew to depend on me. Women have to be patient in this world, Ada."

But at this Ada flamed out. "I'm not patient—I don't want to be patient! A woman's youth goes while she's patient, and then there's nothing left for her! No one will care for her then. I don't want a life empty of love! And if Luke won't care for me as I care for him, why the best thing would be for me to forget him!"

She rose partly from the divan and fixed Mrs. Allen with somber eyes; and as the older woman returned the gaze she knew that for herself Ada spoke the truth.

"Luke does care for you, Ada," she said in a low voice.

Ada's laugh was dreary.

"He's an odd way of showing it. Why does he let us go as we are?" She spoke as if the march of events was quite outside her control; and so, in a measure, they were, Mrs. Allen acknowledged.

"Luke won't lift a finger—you'll see," Ada finished.

"Oh, Ada!" cried Mrs. Allen. "Oh, my child! I'd give my life to help you!" The wish of her heart found utterance.

Ada put her hands on her mother-in-law's shoulders, and looked down on her from her greater height.

"I believe you would," she said. "I believe you'd do just that! Well, I'll do my best, but that won't be much. When things get to the breaking point, they just break."

Disaster lay heavy in the air. Mrs. Allen began to watch Ada's comings and goings. She prowled the house at night, waiting, a wan little ghost in a gray flannelette gown, for the tragedy. She would wait until one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, for the clang of a carriage door and the fumble of the key in the lock, and Ada's soft silken rustle as she came rapidly up the stairs. Then only would Mrs. Allen go to her rest. Often she would open the window and lean out, looking for the carriage.

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To do this, she had to leave her own room at the back of the house and make her way to an empty guest chamber. One night she was leaning out of the window, in an agony of expectation. A presentiment of evil hung over her. She felt herself grow chilled in the cold air, but she couldn't leave. She must stay there until the familiar carriage swung around the corner and Ada was home, safe for another day. So absorbed was she that she didn't hear a footstep behind her, until a voice said: "What are you doing here?"

She turned, trembling with cold and fright, to find herself face to face with Luke.

"What are you doing here, mother?" he repeated. By the electric light which shone in from the street, she could see his face was pale and drawn.

"I'm—I'm waiting for Ada," she faltered.

"Are you waiting for her to come, or for her to stay away?" he demanded. "What made you wait tonight?"

"I often wait, Luke," she answered him.

"Oh, you often wait, do you?" he said. "Perhaps you wait every night—as I wait. Do you? Answer me! Do you?"

He would have gone on, the flood-gates of his bitterness open at last; but,—

"Hush!" his mother said, "Hush! What right have you to talk like that! You've only to raise your hand to make it come right. It's your miserable pride; it's your hardness. You've only to let her know that you've waited——"

She paused abruptly. "Hush!" she said again.

The door was closing, Ada's foot was on the stairs; and Mrs. Allen, in her gray flannelette mother-hubbard, swayed to and fro like some absurd rag doll, and would have fallen but for her son.

Together they carried her to her bed. They didn't speak until Luke explained grimly: "She was waiting for you to come back."

At that Mrs. Allen opened her eyes and said feebly, her accusing eyes on her son: "He was waiting for you, too." Then, after her supreme effort, she closed her eyes again, and it was the last coherent word she said for many days.

There followed a space of time that did not divide itself off into nights and days, and, through her fever, Mrs. Allen had the sensation of being taken care of. She fancied herself a little girl again, and a large, shining presence enfolded her in its caressing care. In her delirium, she called this presence "mother." There were other people there too, men and women, but Mrs. Allen's brain refused

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to untangle their personalities. She clung resolutely to that stronger one, that took care of her as her own mother had when she was a little girl, so many years ago. Then, as her consciousness came slowly to the surface again, the other personalities resolved themselves into a nurse and a doctor and Luke, hollow-eyed and haggard; little by little, her "mother" transformed herself into Ada. But though the vision of her mother had faded, there remained with Mrs. Allen the memory of incessant care, of long nights of watching.

She looked at Ada. Unlike Luke, she showed little trace of the strain she had been under. There was not nearly as much distress visible now as after one of her conflicts with Luke. There was, indeed, a high, shining serenity about her, as of a person who has a work to do, and who knows how to do it. How true Mrs. Allen's instinct was, she could gather from the doctor, who turned to Ada with quiet admiration.

"You've pulled her through," he said.

Ada's large eyes rested on him in beautiful surprise.

"Of course I've pulled her through," she said. There was a hint of indignation at the doctor's suggested alternative. "What," she seemed to demand, "do you think of me? Do you think that I'd let my *mother* die like that—die when I was here to prevent it?"

Her beauty shone on Elizabeth Allen like a reassuring star after a night of tempest. Vaguely, somewhere in the back of her brain Mrs. Allen noticed that Ada seemed steadier than she had ever yet seen her. She went over and slipped her hand into Luke's. She did it almost absent-mindedly, as one takes a comrade's arm. There was none of her old challenge in it; and as for Luke, he seemed grateful for this attention. They had fought Death shoulder to shoulder, Ada commanding officer, the captain of their forlorn hope, Luke under her command. Their greater anxiety had been a solvent of all their old bitterness. Weak and sick as Mrs. Allen was, one thing shone out so luminous that she could not but be aware of it, and it was the shifting of balance which had gone on between them all. During the time she had been in the vague country of sickness, on the borderland between life and death, momentous things had been happening between her children.

As the days wore on, she noticed, for instance, that it was Luke who sought out Ada tenderly, and asked her permission to spend time beside his mother. They had much silent intercourse, the mother and son, and the things that Luke had to tell her were not the things one can speak aloud. But it gave Mrs. Allen courage to

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approach Ada on the subject that occupied her mind so much. What she said summed up all her observations since she had come back to life. They were:

"You seem happier than I have ever seen you before."

"I am," Ada met her with promptness. "I've saved you," she explained with her customary lucidness, "out of the wreck of things that Luke and I between us so nearly made. And," she went on, "I am going to keep on saving you. *You're* going to be happy."

Mrs. Allen almost found herself fancying that Ada had added, "—whether anybody else is or not."

She put her arms around her mother-in-law's frail shoulders with almost savage passion. It was a gesture as of a mother. Mrs. Allen might indeed have been the little girl she fancied herself in her delirium, Ada's little child.

"You poor little thing!" Ada murmured, "don't worry about Luke and me ever again. You've seen for yourself everything's all right between us, all right for ever and ever."

She held her mother close for a moment. Then she went on superbly:

"Luke understands what a stiff-necked brute he was to let things go on as he did, when he cared so awfully. Think of his waiting up night after night!" A little clear flame blazed in Ada's eyes. "Waiting up night after night for me, and never letting me know he did it, and making you all that trouble! It was all so unnecessary!" she cried, "all our trouble! Why, if I'd known he waited up *once*, not anything would have happened. But it's his waiting and not letting me know—letting things get to such a pass, that's so hard to understand, when it's so easy to let people see when you care for them. But I've forgiven him, don't be afraid; we have made a clean sweep of it. And it was you made us. I don't for a moment mean I'm not to blame as much at Luke," Ada conceded with a large gesture. "I ought to have seen myself what was happening; I ought to have protected you, and both of us; but I was so wrapped up in Luke, you know."

Mrs. Allen thought over the things that Ada had put before her. "Do you mean," she said at last, "that you are less wrapped up in him now?" "I mean," Ada replied, "that I understand now that there is more in the world than just Luke and my love for him and his for me. There is you. Nobody," she repeated, "shall ever bother you again, nobody!"

THE SCHOOL NURSE AND HER WORK: BY ABBIE I. HEFFERN



IT WAS my good fortune to be associated, almost from its inception, with a sanitary movement which has been of incalculable and lasting benefit to the health and happiness of a vast number of people compelled to live in poverty and in ignorance of the simplest laws of hygiene. I refer to the establishment of the school-nurse corps in the public schools of New York city, an idea which has spread rapidly to other municipalities throughout the country.

One day some four years ago Miss Lillian D. Waid, a settlement nurse living in New York's swarming East Side, happened to read that in a single month ten thousand children had been excluded from the city's public schools on account of diseases contracted through their uncleanness and lack of personal care. The unpleasant statement made a deep and lasting impression, and resulted in the formation of a plan, the operation of which is now helping half a million children to lead sweeter, cleaner, and purer lives.

Miss Wald was a friend of Dr. Ernest J. Lederle, then head of the New York city Department of Health. To him she protested against this wholesale exclusion of children from the schools. Doctor Lederle deplored the exclusion and the necessity for it, but declared that his inspectors were forced to insist upon the withdrawal of children whose condition made their continued presence in the schoolroom a menace to the health of their companions.

It was all right, the nurse admitted, but, she argued, why not strike at the root of the evil? Why be satisfied with turning the children out of school? Why not teach them how to live sanitary lives, carrying this teaching into their homes?

The problem was both big and difficult. Every year at least forty thousand children are added to New York's registered school population. Three-fifths of the whole come from the tenement districts, where hundreds of thousands of persons have barely space enough to breathe. With large families crowded in such tiny quarters that the simplest cleanliness becomes an effort, it is small wonder that the children fall victims to ailments of every description.

Politicians took up the cry against exclusion. "This is all nonsense," said one district leader, endorsing the complaint of a constituent that his child had been sent home from school because it was suffering from a slight attack of the measles. "Every child ought to have the measles, and you have no business being so

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finicky—spending the city's money to pay men to send children home from school just because they have 'em."

If the health commissioner did his duty, he was certain to arouse antagonism. The inspectors were trying to please every one, with the result that the juvenile mortality was showing a steady increase, and it became evident that something must be done. Then the settlement nurse offered a suggestion. Just because in every boy and girl there is an inborn love of being "mothered," a woman's influence with a child is greater than that of a man. For this reason Miss Wald advised that a woman be given opportunity in this public-school emergency. Her plan for the inculcation of the simple principles of hygiene was adopted provisionally, and a nurse, Lina L. Rogers, a hospital graduate, was appointed, without salary, for one month.

The spectacle of a "woman doctor," as the pupils called her, questioning school children in the class-rooms, amused the teachers. When she told the children they must keep bodies, heads, hands, and teeth clean, the "command" was ridiculed. "The idea," said one teacher, "of saying that my children are in a shocking condition! If dirt gives her a shock, she ought not to live in New York. Such impertinence!"

OFTEN, in the tenements which reeked most with dirt and disease, where ignorance ruled and intelligence rarely dwelt, there was pitiful recognition of the crying need of wholesome, hygienic conditions. There was a faint realization that there might be a choice between sickness and wretchedness on the one hand, and health and happiness on the other. Still, there was no lack of rebellion on the part of the mothers at the new suggestions. "This was good enough for me mother, and it's all right for me," said one woman to the nurse in speaking of certain household conditions. "Don't you want the children to be well and comfortable?" the nurse asked. "There ain't no comfort for poor folks," the woman answered grimly. "An' I don't want them children to get too high-toned."

Despite the objections of parents, the children became interested in the proposition that made for cleanliness and neatness. The idea was new.

Never before had anyone told them they *should* keep clean. Many of them lived in that section of New York city of which it has been said, "There is no God east of Center and south of Fourteenth Street." And strange to say, the school teachers, as a rule, opposed

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the idea. It meant more trouble for them, said some. Others called it interference.

Conditions, opportunities and results of effort, outlined in the report submitted by Miss Rogers when the month of probation ended, showed the experiment to have been a success. Four additional nurses were appointed, all on salary. The school-nurse movement was now on a working basis. Shortly afterward, seven more nurses were added to the force. My own term of service, which continued for nearly three and one-half years, began at this time. All the appointees were graduates of hospitals of high standing, but the most difficult "case" that had previously come to any one of them was a light task compared with the difficulties encountered in the performance of their new duties.

"More fads and frills—another nuisance," was the cheerful reception I received from the principal of the first school to which the health department sent me. The principal was a veteran opposed to progress outside of stereotyped lines, and her attitude reflected that of the majority of the city's educational officials. "It's a waste of money to pay people to teach these ragamuffins to keep clean," said an outspoken member of the board of education whom I met.

Nevertheless it soon became apparent that the school nurse was a permanency. The city superintendent of schools upheld her, although the teachers in some cases still oppose her. I was obliged to get a written order from the district superintendent before the principal of one downtown school would permit me to work among her pupils. Another principal instructed his teachers not to pay any attention to what the nurse said. It was an uphill task. Finally the city superintendent issued an order to all principals instructing them to co-operate with the nurses. After that the opposition became less open, but did not cease.

That the influence of the teachers' opposition should affect the pupils was but natural. Much of their previous experience with health department officials had been in connection with compulsory vaccination, an operation both dreaded and hated. Thus the children, at first, were always on the defensive, declining to commit themselves by truthful answers to questions put to them. But as soon as the children realized the real benefit from routine inspection, opposition on their part practically ceased. The parents in many instances were still to be reckoned with. "Mary," said a nurse to a little girl in the class-room, "did your mother take you to the doctor as I told you she should?" "Well, you see, miss," said the child, "my mother

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didn't have a minute yesterday. She was busy fightin' with the lady upstairs."

THE nurse's first duty of the day is routine inspection. This consists in having the pupils in every class-room pass before her in single file, each child pausing long enough to permit a brief examination of head, hair, eyes, teeth and throat. Note is also made of the general condition of neatness. A close watch is kept for symptoms of any serious ailment. When such cases are found they are promptly reported to the medical inspector, the health department physician in whose district the school is located.

Perhaps the chief benefit of routine inspection is the part it plays in the warfare against trachoma. This is an eye affection, and is so prevalent in the tenement districts of New York city that more than two hundred thousand cases are treated in the course of a year. The nurse does not treat trachoma. Sufferers are either attended by specialists and the medical inspectors at the two city dispensaries devoted to this work, or they are sent, circumstances permitting, to their own physicians for treatment. The nurse's duty is to report promptly a case of trachoma, and the inspector gives the necessary instructions.

The children in many cases find their parents the greatest obstacle to following the instructions of nurse and inspector. In Public School Number Fifty-Six on Eighteenth Street, New York city, a child was instructed to go to the dispensary for treatment. Days passed, and the instructions were ignored. The reason given was that the mother refused to permit the child to do as she had been told. The nurse attached to the school called on the mother, who, when the nature of the errand was revealed, seized a flatiron from the hot stove beside her, and holding it close to the nurse's face shouted: "Get out o' here! I takes no orders from the likes o' you."

The nurse stood her ground, undismayed, and the woman quailed at sight of the big brass badge of authority worn by every nurse. Sullenly she agreed to take the child to the dispensary, which she did.

An Italian shoemaker's son, attending one of the West Side down town schools to which I was assigned, was sent home several times to make himself more clean of person. He invariably returned to school in a condition worse if anything than that which had caused him to be sent away. Finally the nurse determined to make a "house visit," as calls at the homes are termed. She went first to the father's shop, which proved to be in a dark and filthy basement. The man,

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low-browed and insolent of manner, said angrily, when the nurse told him her errand: "You maka da clothes, I keepa him clean. No money for clean clothes. You senda ma boy home ag'in I maka da stilett' for you!"

Of course the man was trying to frighten the nurse, and she was greatly alarmed. But retreat was out of the question. She argued and insisted, with the result that the man changed completely, vowed the boy should keep clean, and calling him told him to begin his course by shining the nurse's shoes.

THE work has been an uphill task in many ways, and is still most difficult. While the medical inspectors, whose work is of the highest importance, and the nurses labor jointly in the same schools, they have vastly different fields. It is the inspector's duty to treat illness. It is the nurse's to discover it if it exists and to see that the necessity for cleanliness and sanitary living is made known in every home where the condition of the children attending school indicates such a lack. The closest watch is kept upon the children. When they visit the dispensaries they are given a card with the date of their visit stamped thereon. This they must show to the nurse as proof that they have obeyed instructions. Seldom has the plan failed. The only notable exception that came to my notice was the case of a boy who bought a rubber dating-stamp, and achieved marked popularity by stamping the dispensary cards of the children to whom the visit was, in their estimation, a useless hardship.

The main effort of the school nurse's work is the constant prosecution of a campaign of cleanliness. "What do you think of first when you see me," a nurse asked of the children in a class-room in Public School Number One Hundred and Twenty-five. As one person the youngsters shouted "A bath!" "I see, Maria," said another nurse to a smiling child, "that you are taking care of your teeth. Have you really a tooth-brush?" "Yes, ma'am," the child answered. "Now, that is a good girl. Do you use the brush often?" "Yes, ma'am," was the answer, in a tone of delight. "How often do you use the brush?" "Every Sunday, ma'am," was the reply, accompanied with a beaming smile.

The house visit is by no means the least important feature of the school nurse's duty. In fact, without it the work of the school nurse would be a failure. By means of these visits she comes into immediate touch with the families of the children, and it is often

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by the influence she is thus enabled to exert that the most striking reforms are accomplished. If the nurse remains in a district any length of time, as should be the rule, she takes high place in the community regard. The fathers and mothers among the older residents remember her from the first, and the newer residents speedily learn that she is a power to be reckoned with. If she is tactful, she secures and retains the confidence of children and parents. Often her authority is reckoned by the power that is behind her, and in that case her influence is less potent for permanent good. No opportunity is given the nurse to pick and choose her district. Like a soldier, she must go where she is sent.

NO matter how much she may find it necessary to discipline, provided she tempers discipline with justice and kindness, the children are her stanch friends. The street boy is neither cultured nor scrupulous, but the nurses learn that he is a tower of strength to them in emergencies. A nurse whose duty called her to a Thompson Street tenement was accosted by a drunken loafer, just as she was entering the door. A half-dozen boys, all out of the "protectors," a reformatory, on parole, heard him. In a moment the loafer was lying flat on his back in the gutter, receiving a trouncing that he must have remembered.

The school-nurse staff has grown with the years until now the number exceeds fifty. The nurses are scattered through the five boroughs of New York city, in the schools where their aid seems to be most needed. Up to nineteen hundred and six, they were kept busy with house visits during the summer, but an appropriation ended their work in June of that year, duty being resumed October seventeenth. In order that all may be able to cope with trachoma, each is required to give a certain amount of service at the dispensaries where trachoma cases are treated. The doctors at the dispensaries are eye specialists, the regulation inspectors acting only as their assistants.

While the tour of duty of the school nurse extends from nine in the morning to four in the afternoon, with three hours devoted to house calls on Saturday, her position is far from being one of ease. The primrose path is not for her. If she is a womanly woman, she finds her chief pleasure in the regard in which she is held by the people among whom she works, where her appearance on the street brings smiles to the faces of the children she meets and a kindly greeting from the parents whose acquaintance she has made. Where such a

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state of affairs exists her labors are for good. The number of children excluded from school because of disease is now trifling. The improvement in cleanliness, personal appearance, and home conditions in thousands of cases, the result of the work of the school-nurse staff, is amazing.

Although for many months the most rigid opposition on the part of the teachers in the public schools was encountered, today, with rare exception, the entire corps of teachers aid the nurses to the full extent of their power, and give tangible evidence of cordial approval. On every side opposition has diminished until today the value of the school nurse's work has become so generally recognized that other cities are following New York's example. Philadelphia inaugurated the work in nineteen hundred and six with a school nurse who underwent her preliminary training in New York.

The present head of New York city's Department of Health, Dr. Thomas Darlington, is an enthusiastic supporter of the school nurse's work. "I believe in the school nurse," he said, "because she is doing the greatest good to the greatest number." Could there be a more potent uplifting force? The work is quiet, unostentatious to a degree, but it is helping hundreds of thousands of children to grow into useful men and women. Through it the gospel of cleanliness has entered countless homes, in many cases paving the way for decency and honest living.

IN AN OLD FRENCH GARDEN

ONCE more down alleys sweet and dim
Glimmers the Spring begun:
The merchild on the fountain-rim
Romps naked in the sun:
The marble Pan has poised his reed
As though in act to play,
Yet pipes no summons: who would heed
Now you have gone away?

—GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

POOR MARY

WHO made of me a human?
I never gave consent.
They fashioned me a woman
And thrust me in a tent.
They trained of me a mincing ape
Conforming to a crowd.
They never gave my soul a shape
Or wrapped it in a shroud!

It fares as best it chooses
What way its mood may seek.
A reptile in the ooze
A God upon a peak.
If cities chance to lure it
It purrs amid the roar
Then, laughing to abjure it
Rides on the storm once more.

Yet, though a living spirit
It is not all divine:
For if a comrade near it
But smile the counter-sign
It hurtles back unwary
To burn the flesh away.
Then wise ones say, "Poor Mary,
She's not so well to-day!"

—MARY McNEIL FENOLLOSA.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MIST AND TWILIGHT: WHAT THE CAMERA REVEALS IN THE HANDS OF CHARLES VANDERVELDE



THE familiar argument of the opponents of modern photography, that the camera is nothing more or less than a mechanical contrivance and therefore utterly out of the question as a means of true artistic expression, seems to be falling to the ground of its own weight. It was only a few years ago that one or two daring pioneers startled everyone with the wonderful subtle effects they were able to obtain by the use of the camera plus their own temperament, artistic perception and technical skill. But now artists who use the camera are springing up on every side, as the possibilities of the instrument are brought more and more into evidence. Portrait photographers who seem to have acquired the art of making the camera reveal the inner soul of man or woman even as it is revealed by the brush of a great painter who puts on the canvas what he alone sees; landscape photographers who see and reveal the soul of sunshine, wind and mist, bare hillside and wooded lane as they were seen and revealed by Corot or Inness; impressionist photographers who give elusive glimpses of the mystery of form and mass, light and shade,—all these have added their quota to the sum total of beautiful achievement.

There is a fascination about the camera that leads one who uses it rightly on through unknown paths to ever fresh discovery,—and those who have learned to use it rightly are using it now as the painter uses his colors, or the sculptor his clay, to express not only what they see but the way it looks to them at the inspirational moment.

In *THE CRAFTSMAN* we have given examples of the work of a number of men and women who have blazed new trails in the development of the powers of the camera, and now there has come to our notice still another type of work that for delicate, elusive charm in composition, and especially in the suggestion of atmospheric conditions, is so far unrivaled. These photographs are being made in a quiet and entirely unostentatious way by Mr. Charles Vandervelde, who lives quietly in the city in which he was born,—Grand Rapids, Michigan,—and amuses himself by making photographs that have all the quality of great landscape work. Mr. Vandervelde seldom exhibits his work, and, when questioned about his methods, says simply that they do not differ in any technical point from those of other pictorial photographers. He has been working at photography now

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for eight or nine years and acknowledges that he has been through all the stages of little camera, bigger camera, biggest camera and then down again to the present $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ size, coupled with a good enlarging apparatus, which he regards as constituting a safe and sane level. The only point upon which Mr. Vandervelde admits that he may differ from his fellow workers is his liking to work alone, not that he does not enjoy the company of his friends in the local camera club, but he regards his serious work as a thing to be approached at a time when there are no distracting influences. As he says himself: "When you are alone, the feeling is not present that another may regard the thing you look at as trivial and unworthy of the time spent on it. Or it may be that one wishes to sit down for an hour or more and simply contemplate a landscape, letting it 'soak in' as it were, and at such times, there must be no one to say: 'Let us move on. Maybe we shall see something from the top of that little hill.' All of which means, I suppose, that I like to make pictures as my fancy dictates."

Some of the pictures, taken by Mr. Vandervelde according to the dictates of a fancy so delicate and sympathetic that it draws forth the very soul of what he sees through the tiny lens, are reproduced here. Take for example the one called "Winter". It is nothing but a stretch of open country with a line of woods beyond,—light showing through the slim trunks and tracery of thin, bare branches. There happened to be a craggy tree in the foreground that etched itself against the sky, as such trees do on a winter day, and the ground was covered with snow that fell into soft creases and cast transparent shadows with here and there a tiny clump of bushes breaking through the soft white surface. But there was a winding stream covered with ice and a veiled sun overhead struggling to break through the clouds and casting a white glow down through the middle of the picture, a glow that is reflected from the ice-covered stream as from a shield of dull silver. That is all, yet the picture holds everything you have ever felt on a pearl-white winter day,—all the stillness, peace, and that mystic virginal beauty that is at once soft and austere.

In "The Last Mooring" the effect of mist and subdued light is again shown. It is only a schooner stripped of all her canvas and moored to a little dock that projects diagonally into the stream. Some people in a small boat are pulling away from her toward the shore. There is a wooded bank to the right and the same bank in the far distance curves across the center of the picture, showing the least suggestion, through the haze, of buildings with towers. The



"EVENING": FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY CHARLES VANDERVELDE.



"A MISTY MORNING": FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES VANDERVELDE.



"THE LAST MOORING": FROM A PHOTO-
GRAPH BY CHARLES VANDERVELDE.



"WINTER": FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY CHARLES VANDERVELDE.

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two small docks combined with the vessel give a triangular effect to the composition in the foreground and the stretch of sky and water is broken by the sharp lines of the slender, slightly tilted masts. It is one of those days when the water is agate and the air is filled with a pearly mist that softens every outline and brings every color down to its lowest tone. The reflections in the water, massed as they are below the bank and docks and scattering more and more faintly through the water beyond, give a certain definite note to the foreground, but only enough to emphasize the soft mistiness of the whole.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the group is the picture called "Evening". It is literally a photograph of the gloaming and as you look at it your eyes seem to grow used to the gloom, so that objects define themselves more clearly the longer you look, as they do in the actual twilight. There is a dimly seen country road and the shadowy figure of a sturdy peasant woman walking away from you. Only the white kerchief over her head and her dark jacket prevent her from melting into the gray evening. After your eyes grow used to the twilight you can make out farm buildings and haystacks in the distance. Bare trees border both sides of the road and far away other trees fling their branches against the dull afterglow in the evening sky.

The last picture, "The Misty Morning", is still another evidence of Mr. Vandervelde's fondness for dim, elusive atmospheric effects. As in all the pictures the composition is wonderfully simple and strong. A barren hillside slopes directly away to a dimly seen horizon line, where there is a suggestion of woods. This line is broken by the stems and leafless branches of a group of slender birches, and the stretch of bare hillside below is relieved here and there by a clump of scrubby bushes. But for the gracious veil of mist it would be a bleak scene, yet the picture yields in charm to none of the landscape work of this artist. They are all expressive of the same idea,—an intense appreciation of the mystery and delight of varying atmospheric effects. Beyond that, they are bits of composition which in their severe simplicity and perfect balance suggest the work of Japanese artists. All this, of course, is but the expression of the individuality of this quiet man who likes to work alone, the story of what he sees in sky and water and bare hillside, yet, more than all, it is a new and significant revelation of the extent to which the camera may be employed as a means of expression for the inspiration of an artist.

SATURDAY NIGHT: A STORY: BY ALICE BROWN



JERRY NORTON stopped for a moment swinging his axe and crashing it into the grain of the tree, and took off his cap to cool his wet forehead. He looked very strong, standing there, equipped with great shoulders, a back as straight as the tree its might was smashing, and the vigor bespoken by red-brown eyes, a sanguine skin and thick bright hair. He seemed to be regarding the pine trunks against the snow of the hill beyond, and again the tiny tracks nearer by, where a winter animal had flurried; but really all the beauties of the woods were sealed to him.

He was going back five days to his quarrel with Stella Joyce, and scowling as he thought how hateful she had been in her injustice. It was all about the ten-foot strip of land the city man had claimed from Jerry's new building lot through a newly found flaw in the title. Jerry, Stella mourned, had relinquished the land without question.

"I'd have hung on to it an' fought him through every court in the country," she had declared, in a passion of reproach.

"You're so numb, Jerry! You just go pokin' along from day to day, lettin' folks walk over you—an' never a word!"

Jerry had been unable, out of his numbness, to explain that he gave up the land because the other man's title to it, he had seen at once, was a valid one, nor could she, on her side, tell him how her wounded feeling was intensified because old aunt Bray, come from the west for a visit, had settled down upon him and his mother, in all likelihood to remain and go into the new house when it was built. But there was no time for either of them to reach pacific reasons when every swift word of hers begot a sullen look from him, and before they knew it they had parted.

Now, while he was retracing the path of their disagreement, lighted by the flaming lamps of her upbraiding, he heard a movement, light enough for a furry creature on its way to covert, and Stella stood before him. She did not look either obstinate or likely to continue any quarrel, however well begun. She was a round little person, very complete in her miniature beauties, and now her blue eyes sought him with an extremity of emotion very honest and also timid. She had wrapped herself in a little red shawl, and her hands, holding it tight about her, gave a fantastic impression of being clasped in mute appeal. Jerry looked at her in wonder. For an instant they both stood as still as two wood creatures surprisingly met and, so far, undetermined upon the degree of hostility it would be wise to show.

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Stella broke the silence. She retreated a little, in doing it, as if words would bring her nearer and she repudiated that degree of intimacy.

"I just want a favor," she said humbly.

Jerry advanced a step as she withdrew, and the interval between them stayed unchanged. Now the trouble in her face had its effect on him, and he forgot for a moment how he hated her.

"Ain't anything the matter, is there?" he asked, in quick concern.

Stella shook her head, but her eyes brimmed over. That evidently annoyed her, and she released the little shawl to lift a hand and brush the tears away.

"Aunt Hill has come," she said.

He had an impulse to tell her, as a piece of news that would once have concerned them both, that his own aunt was making her plans to go west again, and that she had furnished the money for him to buy back the precious strip of land. The city man, seeing how much he prized it, had sold it to him. But while he reflected that now Stella cared nothing about his intimate concerns, she was rushing on.

"An' mother's sick," she ended.

"Sho!" said Jerry, in a sympathizing blur. "Real sick?"

"No, nothin' but her rheumatism. But it's in her back this time. She can't move hand or foot."

"Why, yes," said Jerry, leaning his axe against the trunk of the wounded tree, "Course! you want I should go over 'n' help lift her."

Stella shook her head in definite finality.

"No, I don't either. Aunt Hill 'n' I can manage well enough. I guess mother'd be provoked 'most to death if I run round callin' the men folks in."

"Well, what is it then?" asked Jerry, in palpable disappointment. "What is 't you want me to do?"

He thought he had never seen her cheeks so red. They made him think of the partridge berries under the snow. She began her tale, looking indifferently at him as she proceeded, as if to convince them both that there was nothing peculiar in it all.

"Aunt Hill's an awful trial to mother."

Jerry took up his axe in one hand, and began absently chopping off a circle of bark about the tree. Stella was near saying, "Don't you cut your foot!" but she closed her lips upon the friendly caution and continued.

"There's nothin' she don't get her nose into, an' it just wears mother out."

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"She's a great talker, seems if I remembered," said Jerry absently, wishing Stella would keep her hands under the shawl and not get them frozen to death. He was about to add that most women did talk too much, but somehow that seemed an unfortunate implication from one as unpopular as he, and he caught himself up in time. Stella was dashing on now, in the course of her obnoxious task.

"If anything's queer, she just goes at mother hard as she can pelt an' keeps at her till she finds it out. An' mother hates it enough when she's well, but when she's sick it's just awful. An' now she's flat on her back."

"Course," said Jerry, in a comprehending sympathy. "Want I should carry your aunt Hill off to the Junction?"

"Why, you can't! She wouldn't go. You couldn't pry her out with a crowbar. She's made up her mind to stay till a week from tomorrow, an' till a week from tomorrow she'll stay."

Jerry looked gloomily into the distance. He was feeling his own limitations as a seer.

"Well," he said, venturing a remark likely to involve him in no way, "I s'pose she will."

"Now, see here," said Stella. She spoke with a defiant hardness, the measure of her hatred for what she had to do. "There's one way you could help us out. She asked about you right away, an' of course she thought we were—goin' together, same's we had been."

Here her voice failed her, and he knew the swift color on her cheek was the miserable sign of her shame in such remembrance. It became his task to hearten her. "Course," said he. "Anybody would."

"Well, I can't tell her. I ain't even told mother yet, an' I don't want to till she's on her feet again. An' if aunt Hill gets the leastest wind of it she'll hound mother every minute, an' mother'll give up, an'—well, I just can't do it, that's all."

Jerry was advancing eagerly now, his lips parted for speech; but her task once begun was easier, and she continued.

"Now, don't you see? I should think you could."

"Yes," said Jerry, in great hopefulness. "Course I do."

"No, you don't either. It's only, she's goin' to be here not quite a week, an' it's only one Saturday night."

"Yes," said Jerry, "that's tomorrer night."

"Well, don't you see? If you don't come over, she'll wonder why, an' mother'll wonder why, an' mother'll ask me, an', oh, dear! dear!"

Jerry thought she really was going to cry, this time, and it seemed to him that these domestic whirlwinds furnished ample reason for it.

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"Course!" he said, in whole-hearted misery for her. "It's a bad place. A man wouldn't think anything of it, but women folks are different. They'd mind it terribly. Anybody could see they would."

Stella looked at him as if personal chastisement would be too light for him.

"Don't you see?" she insisted in a tone of enforced patience. "If you'd only dress up an' come over."

Light broke in on him.

"Course I will, Stella," he called, so loudly that she looked over her shoulder to see if perhaps some neighbor, crossing the wood lot, might have heard. "You just bet I will!"

Then, to his wonderment, she had vanished as softly as she came. Jerry was disappointed. He had thought they were going on talking about the domestic frenzies wrought by aunt Hill, but it seemed that further sociability was to be denied him until tomorrow night. He took up his axe, and went on paying into the heart of the tree. But he whistled now, and omitted to think how much he hated Stella. He was debating whether her scarlet shawl was redder than her cheeks. But Jerry never voiced such wonders. They seemed to him like a pain, or satisfaction over one's dinner, an ultimate part of individual experience.

The next night, early after supper, he took his way "down along" to the Joyce homestead lying darkly under leafless elms. There was a light in the parlor, as there had been every night since he began to go with Stella, and his heart beat in recognition, knowing it was for him. He tried the front door to walk in, neighbor fashion, but it resisted him, and then he let the knocker fall. Immediately a window opened above and Stella's voice came down to him.

"Oh, Jerry, mother's back is worse, an' I feel as if I'd ought to be rubbin' her. You come over another time."

Jerry stood staring up at her, a choking in his throat, and something burning hotly into his eyes. But he found his voice just as the window was sliding down.

"Don't you want I should do somethin'? I should think she'd have to be lifted."

"No," said Stella, quite blithely, "I can do all there is to do. Good night."

The window closed and he went away. Stella ran down stairs to the bedroom where aunt Hill sat beside her mother, fanning the invalid with a palm-leaf fan. Mrs. Joyce hated to be fanned in wintry weather, but aunt Hill acted upon the theory that sick folks needed air.

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Aunt Hill was very large, and she creaked as she breathed, because, when she was visiting, even in the country, she put on her black silk of an afternoon. She had thick black hair, smooth under a fictitious gloss and done in a way to be seen now only in daguerreotypes of long ago, and her dull black eyes were masterful. Mrs. Joyce, gazing miserably up at her daughter, was a shred of a thing in contrast, and Stella at once felt a passionate pity for her.

"There, aunt Hill," she said daringly, "I wouldn't fan mother any more if I's you. Let me see if I can get at you, mother. I'm goin' to rub your back."

Aunt Hill, with a quiver of professional pride wounded to the quick, did lay down the fan on a stand at her elbow. She was listening.

"Where's Jerry?" she demanded. "I don't hear nobody in the forerom."

Stella was manipulating her mother with a brisk yet tender touch.

"Oh," she said, "I told him he'd have to poke along back tonight. I wanted to rub mother 'fore she got sleepy."

"Now you needn't ha' done that," said Mrs. Joyce from a deep seclusion, her face turned downward into the pillow. "He must be awful disappointed, dressin' himself up an' all, an' 'pearin' out for nothin'."

"Well," said Stella, "there's more Saturday nights comin'."

"I wanted to see Jerry," complained aunt Hill. "I could ha' set with your mother. Well, I'll go in an' put out the forerom lamp."

Stella was always being irritated by aunt Hill's officious services in the domestic field, but now she was glad to watch her portly back diminishing through the doorway.

"You needn't ha' done that," her mother was murmuring again. "I feel real tried over it."

"Jerry wanted to know how you were," said Stella speciously. "He's awful sorry you're laid up."

"Well, I knew he'd be," said Mrs. Joyce. "Jerry's a good boy."

The week went by and her back was better, but when Saturday night came, aunt Hill had not gone home. She had, instead, slipped on a round stick in the shed while she was picking up chips nobody wanted, and sprained her ankle slightly. And now she sat by the kitchen fire in a state of deepest gloom, the foot on a chair, and her active mind careering about the house, seeking out conditions to be bettered. She wore her black silk no more, lest in her sedentary durance she should "set it out," and her delaine wrapper with palm leaves seemed to Stella like the archipelagoes they used to define at

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school, and inspired her to nervous laughter. It was the early evening and Mrs. Joyce, not entirely free from her muscular fetters, went back and forth from table to sink, doing the dishes, while Stella moulded bread.

There was a step on the icy walk. Stella stopped an instant, her hands on the cushion of dough, the red creeping into her face. Then she dusted her palms together and went ever so softly but quickly to the front entry, closing the door behind her. Aunt Hill, pricking up her ears, heard the outer door open and the note of a man's voice.

"You see 'f you can tell who that is," she counseled Mrs. Joyce, who presently approached the door and laid a hand on the latch. But it stuck, she thought with wonder. Stella was holding it from the other side.

Jerry, in his Sunday clothes, stood out there on the step, and Stella was facing him. There was a note of concern in her voice when she spoke, of mirth, too, left there by aunt Hill's archipelagoes.

"Oh, Jerry," she said, "I'm awful sorry. You needn't ha' come over tonight."

"She ain't gone, has she?" inquired Jerry, in a voice of perilous distinctness.

"Don't speak so loud. She's got ears like a fox. No, but I could ha' put her off somehow. I never thought of your comin' over tonight."

"Well, I thought of it," said Jerry. "I ain't seen your mother for quite a spell."

"Oh, she's all right now. There! I feel awfully not to ask you in, but aunt Hill's ankle an' all—goodnight."

He turned away after a look at the bright knocker that, jumping out at him from the dusk, almost made it seem as if the door had been shut in his face. But he went crunching down the path, and Stella returned, to wash her hands at the sink and resume her moulding.

"Law!" said aunt Hill, "Your cheeks are's red as fire. Who was it out there?"

"Jerry Norton." Stella's voice sank in spite of her. That unswerving gaze on her cheeks made her feel out in the world, in a strong light, for curiosity to jeer at.

"Jerry Norton?" Aunt Hill was repeating in a loud voice. "Well, I'll be whipped if it ain't Saturday night an' you've turned him away agin. What's got into you, Stella? I never thought you was one to blow hot an' blow cold when it come to a fellow like Jerry Norton. Good as gold, your mother says he is, good to his mother an' good to his sister, an' now he's took his aunt home to live with 'em."

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"I can't 'tend to callers when there's sickness in the house," Stella plucked up spirit to say, and her mother returned wonderingly—

"Why, it ain't sickness exactly, aunt Hill's ankle ain't. I wish I could ha' got out there. I'd have asked him in."

Before the next Saturday aunt Hill's ankle had knit itself up and she was gone. When Stella and her mother sat down to supper in their wonted seclusion, Stella began her deferred task. She was inwardly excited over it, and even a little breathless. It seemed incredible to her still, that Jerry and she had parted, and it would, she knew, seem so to her mother when she should be told. She sat eating cup-cake delicately, but with an ostentatious relish, to prove the robustness of her state.

"Mother," she began.

"Little more tea?" asked Mrs. Joyce, holding the tea-pot poised.

"No. I want to tell you somethin'."

"I guess I'll have me a drop more," said Mrs. Joyce. "Nobody need to tell me it keeps me awake. I lay awake anyway."

Stella took another cup-cake in bravado.

"Mother," she said, "Jerry'n' I've concluded to give it up."

"Give what up?" asked Mrs. Joyce, finding she had the brew too sweet and pouring herself a drop more.

"Oh, everything! We've changed our minds."

Mrs. Joyce set down her cup. "You ain't broke off with Jerry Norton?"

"Yes. We broke it off together."

"You needn't tell me 'twas Jerry Norton's fault." Mrs. Joyce pushed her cup from her and winked rapidly. "He's as good a boy as ever stepped, an' he sets by you as he does his life."

Stella was regarding her in wonder, a gentle little creature who omitted to say her soul was her own on ordinary days, but rousing herself, with ruffled feathers, to defend, not her young, but the alien outside the nest.

"If he had give you the mitten, I shouldn't blame him a mite, turnin' him away from the door as you have two Saturday nights runnin'. But he ain't done it. I know Jerry too well for that. His word's as good's his bond, an' you'll go through the woods an' get a crooked stick at last." Then she looked across at Stella, as if in amazement over her own fury; but Stella, liking her for it and thrilled by its fervor, laughed out because that was the way emotion took her.

"You can laugh," said her mother, nodding her head, as she rose

SATURDAY NIGHT

and began to set away the dishes. "But 'fore you git through with this you'll laugh out o' t'other side o' your mouth, an' so I tell ye."

Upon her words there was a step at the door, and Stella knew the step was Jerry's. Her mother, with the prescience born of ire, knew it too.

"There he is," she said. "Now you go to cuttin' up any didos, things gone as fur as they have, an' you'll repent this night's work the longest day you live. You be a good girl an' go 'n' let him in!" She had returned to her placidity, a quiet domestic fowl whose feathers were only to be ruffled when some terrifying shadow flitted overhead.

Stella flew to the door and opened it on her lover, standing still and calm, like a figure set there by destiny to conquer her.

"Jerry," she burst forth out of the nervous thrill her mother had awakened in her, "you're botherin' me 'most to death. It's awful not to ask you in when you come to the door, an' you a neighbor so. But I can't. You know I can't. It ain't as if you'd come in the day time. But Saturday night—it's just as if—why, you know what Saturday night is. It's just as if we were goin' together!"

Jerry stood there immovable, looking at her. He had shaved and he wore the red tie she had given him. Perhaps it was not so much that she saw him clearly through the early dusk as that she knew from memory how kind his eyes were and what a healthy color flushed his face. It seemed to her at this moment as if Jerry was the nicest person in the world, if only he wouldn't plague her so. But he was speaking out of his persistent quiet.

"I might as well tell you, Stella, an' you might as well make up your mind to it. It ain't tonight only. I'm comin' here every Saturday night.

She was near crying with the vexation of it.

"But you can't, Jerry," she said. "I don't want you to."

"You used to want me to," said he, composedly.

"Well, that was when we were——"

"When we were goin' together." He nodded in acceptance of the quibble. "Well, if you wanted me once, a girl like you, you'll want me ag'in. An' anyways, I'm comin'."

Stella felt a curious thrill of pride in him.

"Why, Jerry," she faltered, "I didn't know you took things that way."

He was answering quite simply, as if he had hardly known it either.

"Well, I don't know myself how I'm goin' to take things till I've

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thought 'em out. That's the only way. Then, after ye've made up your mind, ye can stick to it."

Stella fancied there was a great deal in this to think over, but she creaked the door insinuatingly.

"Well," she said, "I'm awful sorry——"

"I won't keep you stannin' here in the cold. I'll be over agin next Saturday night."

Stella went in and sat down by the hearth and crossed her feet on the head of one of the firedogs. She was frowning, and yet she was laughing too. Her mother, moving back and forth, kept casting inquiring looks at her.

"Well," she ventured at last, "you made it up betwixt ye?"

Stella put down her feet and rose to help.

"Don't you ask me another question," she commanded rather airily. "It's all over an' done with, an' I told you so before. Le's pop us some corn by'n'by."

Before the next Saturday something had happened. Stella walked over to the Street to buy some thread, and Matt Pillsbury brought her home in his new sleigh with the glossy red back and the scrolls of gilt at the corners. Matt was a lithe, animated youth who could do many unexpected and serviceable things: a little singing, a little violin playing, and tricks with cards. He was younger than Stella, but he reflected, as he drove with her over the smooth road, nobody would ever know it because he was dark and she was fair, and he resolved to let his moustache grow a little longer and curl it more at the ends. Mrs. Joyce was away when this happened, quilting at Deacon White's, but all the next day, which was Saturday, she remained perfectly aware that Stella was making plans, and when at seven o'clock the girl came down in her green plaid with her gold beads on, Mrs. Joyce drew the breath of peace.

"Well, there," she said, "if you behave as well as you look, you'll do well, an' if Jerry don't say so I'll miss my guess."

Stella was gazing at her, trembling a little, but defiant also.

"Mother," she said, "if Jerry comes, you go to the door an' you tell him—oh, my soul! I believe there he is now."

But in the next instant it seemed to her just as well. She could tell him herself. She flew to the door in a whirl. But she got no further than his name. Jerry took her with a hand on either side of her waist and set her back into the entry. Then he shut the door behind him and laid his palms upon her shoulders. She could hear his breath, and it occurred to her to wonder if he had been running,

SATURDAY NIGHT

the blood must be pumping so through his heart. He was speaking in a tone she had never heard from any man.

"What's this about your goin' to the sociable with Matt Pillsbury?"

She stiffened and flung back defiance.

"I'm goin', that's all. How'd you know it?"

"I was over to the store an' Lottie Pillsbury come in an' I heard her tell Jane Hunt: 'Brother Matt asked her, an' she says she's goin'.'"

"Well, it's true enough. I expect him along in three-quarters of an hour."

"Well, he won't come." That strange savage thrill in his voice frightened her, and before she could remember they were not going together, she was clinging to his arm.

"Oh, Jerry," she breathed, "you ain't done him any mischief?" But his arms were about her and she was locked to his heart.

"No," he said, "I ain't—yet." He laughed a little. "I stood out in the road till I heard him go into the barn to harness. Then he went back into the house to change his clo'es. An' I walked into the barn an' unblanketed the horse an' slung away the bells an' druv the horse down to the meetin'-house, an' left him there in the sheds."

Stella laughed with the delight of it. She felt wild and happy, and it came to her that a man who could behave like this when he had made up his mind, might be allowed a long time in coming to it. But she tried reproving him.

"Oh, Jerry, the horse'll freeze to death!"

"No, he won't. He's all blanketed. Besides, little Jim Pillsbury's there tendin' the fire for the sociable, an' he'll find him. Now —" his voice took on an added depth of that strange new quality she shivered under. "Matt'll be over here in a minute to tell you he's lost his horse an' can't go. You want me to harness up an' take him an' you in the old pung, or you want to stay here with me?" Stella touched his cheek with her finger in a way she had, and he remembered and bent and kissed her. "All right," he said. "That suits me. We'll stay here. Only, I don't want to put ye to no shame before Matt. That's why I played a trick on him instid o' breakin' his bones."

"Oh, Jerry!" She had not meant to tell him, but it seemed she must. "I wasn't goin' with him alone. Lottie was goin', too. I told him I wouldn't any other way."

PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR THE BLIND: WHAT IT HAS DONE TO INCREASE THE RESOURCES OF THE AFFLICTED AND TO MAKE POSSIBLE A NORMAL DEVELOPMENT: BY STANLEY JOHNSON



SCHOOLS for the blind in the United States have been doing a very remarkable work within the past few years, especially those which furnish the sort of education that enables the unseeing ones among us to become self-supporting citizens. For a number of years, even with the modern attitude toward the deficient and helpless, it was thought sufficient if our blind people were taught to read and write and to get some little pleasure in life, but lately the managers of these schools have come to realize how essential it is that blind citizens should not be the derelicts of the nation, but should be enabled by proper instruction not only to earn their living but to contribute to the beauty and profit of life as a whole. Men who have devoted their lives to educational matters have been able to impress on the minds of Boards of Trustees and Legislative Committees that blind people should be made useful people, and that to accomplish this they must be afforded the best possible physical conditions. So that just at present there is a wide-reaching effort to include physical culture of the most comprehensive sort in the curriculums of all schools and colleges for blind men, women and children.

The most enlightened of these schools,—those at Louisville, Kentucky; Batavia, New York; Columbus, Ohio; and Overbrook, Pennsylvania,—are now surrounded by spacious grounds which afford abundant opportunity for outdoor exercise, and the school buildings are fitted up with the most modern form of gymnasium equipment. In some cases the entire institution has been remodeled from the physical culture point of view, and new buildings have been added where the best possible exercises can be indulged in by the students.

The result is the opening up of a new condition of life for those who live in perpetual darkness—a condition which means better health, and so better brains, and eventually better men and women. Recent statistics of the New York Association for the Blind show us that the old way of educating the nation's helpless ones is undergoing a radical reformation;—for this former method of education was little more than a school for mendicants, a preparatory training for the almshouse. It is easy to understand that the first elements of the three

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Rs, a superficial smattering of some impractical industry, coupled with a physical constitution much below the normal, would hardly prove an adequate preparation for self-support.

And also a fact to be borne in mind from the beginning is that blind children are as a rule sub-normal, both physically and mentally. This is the result usually of overindulgence on the part of parents and friends who love these helpless members of their family not wisely but too well. Thus it is easy to see that blind students need physical preparation for their work even more than those blest with sight, for they start out with the heavy handicap of being almost unavoidably spoiled children.

DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE, the first principal of the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston—which was founded seventy-five years ago and was the first venture for the education of the blind in the United States—realized that the building of a strong body was the first great need of the blind child. For this reason Dr. Howe strongly advocated taking blind children away from their homes at the earliest possible age.

"At home," Dr. Howe said in an address delivered over a generation ago, "blind children are helped when they should be encouraged to help themselves; they are kept at home where they should be permitted to face the world as often as possible; they are placed in rocking chairs and waited on when they should be tumbling about the house and garden; they are spared exertion when they should be constantly urged to effort; they become enervated where the effort of the home should be to harden them, and as they grow older they are often demoralized by receiving as gifts what they should have earned by their own effort or have been taught resolutely to forego."

This may seem a Spartan doctrine to those to whom the appearance of a blind person is often the inspiration of selfish charities which only work for injury; but it is the doctrine which made possible the freedom of a girl like Laura Bridgeman from a trinity of affliction—deafness, dumbness and blindness. Laura Bridgeman was one of Dr. Howe's pupils, whom he was enabled to take from her home just at a time when a learned Royal Commission in Great Britain reported that any effort to educate the blind-mute was wasted energy. Dr. Howe's principles, as embodied in this woman, have been the broad foundations upon which have been established since his time over forty schools for the blind in the United States. It is also due to his influence and to that of his son-in-law, the late Michael Anagnos, that so large a per-

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centage of the graduates of the Perkins Institution are self-supporting. Many of the more modern schools today possess better facilities for physical training than this famous one, but none have a better record for sending out men and women who, in spite of their afflictions, are so competently doing their share of the world's work.

The introducing of physical culture into school work has been a greater benefaction to the blind than to our normal people. It has made possible the dictum of the Boston teacher that "blindness has become only an inconvenience, no longer an affliction." As has already been shown, the building up of a healthy body for a blind child is naturally a more difficult undertaking than it is for a seeing child, since from the start there has been a greater neglect of the blind. Not only have they not been taught actual physical exercise, but they have missed the opportunity for outdoor playing, which makes such a large part of the growth of normal children. Also, it has been proven by physiologists that sight is much more important in mind growth than is hearing, so that there is an added handicap in the development of the blind from the first stages of growth. In the autumn of nineteen hundred and five, sixteen children were entered in the kindergarten for the blind in a Pennsylvania school, and of these sixteen only four were able to dress and care for themselves. The thoughtlessness of parents was to blame for this condition of helplessness, and the wise and systematic work of trained physical instructors was the only hope that these twelve children could have for salvation from a life of mendicancy. So, after a careful study of the question by important educators, the conclusion has been reached that, while physical education for the development of the blind is now conceded to be of more importance than book knowledge, it must be systematic and most carefully planned out. In the first place, there must be a great deal of outdoor exercise. As one of the educators has remarked: "Normal boys and girls may possibly romp and play too much, but this can never be the case with blind children." Besides the outdoor exercise and the romping and playing a great deal of important bodily development must be done in the gymnasium.

IN the New York State School for the Blind at Batavia, some of the best work for the blind is being accomplished. It is, in fact, becoming a standard school, and is showing remarkable results as to what can be done in the way of bodily improvement from carefully studied physical training. It is making self-reliance a most valued possession of children who would otherwise go through life trembling

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with fear and with outstretched hands to ward off peril. The physical culture work at Batavia is divided into eight classes: kindergarten, primary boys and primary girls, intermediate boys and intermediate girls, junior boys, senior boys and senior girls. Children in the kindergarten are trained by marching and simple exercises with musical dumbbells. They graduate to rings and wand exercises in the primary classes and attain to barbells in the junior year. In the senior classes boys are exercised with dumbbells and chest weights and by running and military marches. The senior girls use dumbbells, barbells and Indian clubs, and are also trained in marches. Work is given outside of the regular hours to those whose interests or needs are greater.

Earnest attention is required to follow the Swedish method of physical culture, and it is for this very reason best adapted to the needs of the blind. On the other hand, because exercise is more fatiguing to blind pupils, it must be used with greater moderation. The Swedish system is an admirable preparation for the muscles for "exactness of coördination,"—which is the scientific term for grace—a preparation which goes far toward relieving the natural awkwardness of movement so prevalent among the uneducated blind. In estimating the results of physical culture for the blind, it is interesting to recall that to begin with the pupils are all below the normal standard of physical development. The value of the Swedish method does not stop with physical development only; great as that is, the mental and moral improvement of blind children through this course of treatment is as great as in health and strength. They are also more obedient, and think more readily as the position and carriage of the body becomes nearer and nearer the perfect poise. In a certain institution for the blind at Louisville, the physical improvement in a year's physical culture work for boys was in total strength eighteen per cent., in lung capacity twelve per cent., in the strength of back twelve per cent., in strength of legs thirty-one per cent. The improvement in girls who had worked in the gymnasium and had indulged in vigorous outdoor sports was, in total strength forty-two per cent., in lung capacity forty-four and a half per cent., in strength of back forty-five per cent., in strength of legs seventy-five per cent.; nearly a fifty per cent. gain for the average of the entire school.

IT is impossible to overestimate the value of beginning outdoor exercise for blind children at the earliest age. It is the custom of many schools for the blind not to receive children in the kindergarten departments under the age of eight. It stands to reason that

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this must add greatly to the physical inertia that eventually must be overcome before education of value can be received. In New York, effort is being made to persuade the managers of the day nurseries to take in blind children. And private philanthropy has already succeeded in providing a place for blind babies.

Very good results indeed have been obtained in some schools by arranging for athletic games which are especially adapted to the peculiar individual needs of the blind. It is the rough and tumble game that the blind boy fears most at the beginning, and needs most because of this very fear. Some wise school managers have even introduced a modified game of football, and baseball is already widely played. Before a child can be readily benefited by exercise he must understand that there is an open field before and about him in which he can romp and run without fear of being harmed. The transformation that this consciousness of space awakens in the average blind child is beyond calculation. The very expression of the face is changed, and the hands cease to have that pathetic outstretched appeal as though danger were ever near. It stands to reason that for the best physical development there must be a sense of freedom. Children must forget themselves to enjoy their sport, and blind children can do this only through a sense of space freedom.

Some of the individual cases of the transformation by systematic physical training of vicious, helpless, blind children into happy, useful, helpful personalities are lessons in favor of a healthy body at the very start in life. Tommy Stringer, a deaf, blind, and dumb boy who was taken to the Perkins School at Boston, was at the beginning one of the most unpromising students that ever entered the school. The first annual report after his arrival described him as a "perfect little animal." He was even unwilling to stand up, and the presumption was that thoughtless parents had allowed him to drowse away his life without regard to any future development. It was through the efforts of Miss Helen Keller that he was taken to the Boston school, one of the few institutions in this country whose doors are open to the deaf and dumb as well as blind. This boy was reached first of all through his taste for physical exercise. It was astonishing that a boy so weighted with affliction should have had interest in anything wholesome or beneficial; but his teacher's record shows that he was extremely fond of going fishing with the other boys and became an expert fisherman. In the course of time he equaled any boy in the school in climbing ladders or ropes. And in the gymnasium he worked with a dogged perseverance which soon ranked him with the most athletic boys in the class.

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To a boy so handicapped as Tommy bar-vaulting in a gymnasium might easily have seemed an impossible feat; but after touching one of the boys who was springing over the apparatus the sense of the correct motion seemed to come to him in a minute and he vaulted fourteen poles at the first time. Next to his love of exercise Tommy's strong point now is his remarkable facility in the use of tools, and this he undoubtedly owes largely to the fine physical training he received at school. It was through physical culture that he gained a steady hand to take the place of the keen eye which fate had denied him.

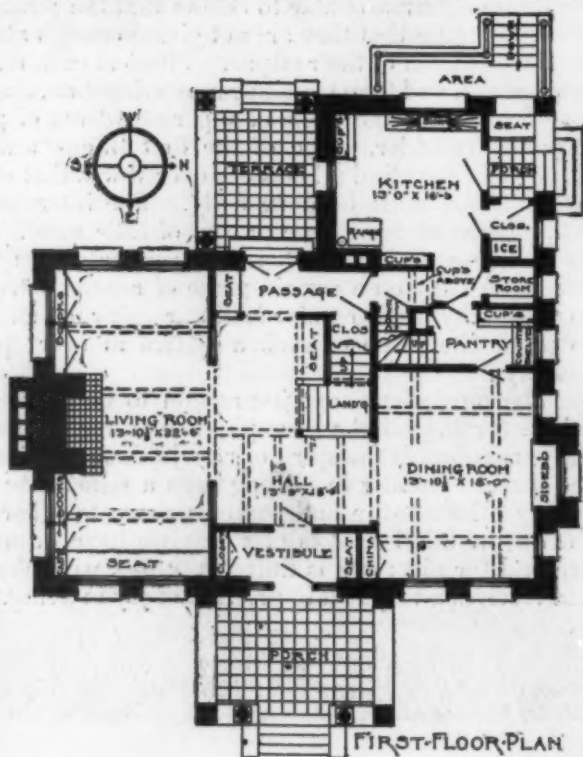
AS the matter now stands in the United States there is actually more attention being given to training through physical culture in the schools for the blind than in the usual public schools, and the results of the work have been so far beyond what was ever hoped that it is not unreasonable to believe that the public schools will in time come to realize that they are not giving enough attention to the matter of bodily health of their pupils. Physical culture, first; manual training, second, and then the luxuries of education, make a platform which would be worth the while of superintendents of public instruction to carefully consider. One of the first things which physical culture teachers in the blind schools discovered was that all bodily exercises to be beneficial must be done daily. The intermittent lesson and the intermittent exercise have proved of little avail. What children need in order to gain big results is the systematic every-day exercise which keeps the body on a certain plane of related activity just as the child to be healthy needs regular food at regular hours. One does not need to argue the value of such a system in every public school in the country.

The most significant impression to be gleaned from a visit to a school for the blind where physical culture is an important item in the curriculum is the spirit of rare joyousness which seems to pervade the place. Usually in visiting such a school one is prepared to give largely of sympathy and compassion as to a sorely afflicted people. But in the blind schools of which we have been talking there is no demand for pity; one is universally met with cheerful contentedness and receives a very real impression of joy in living.



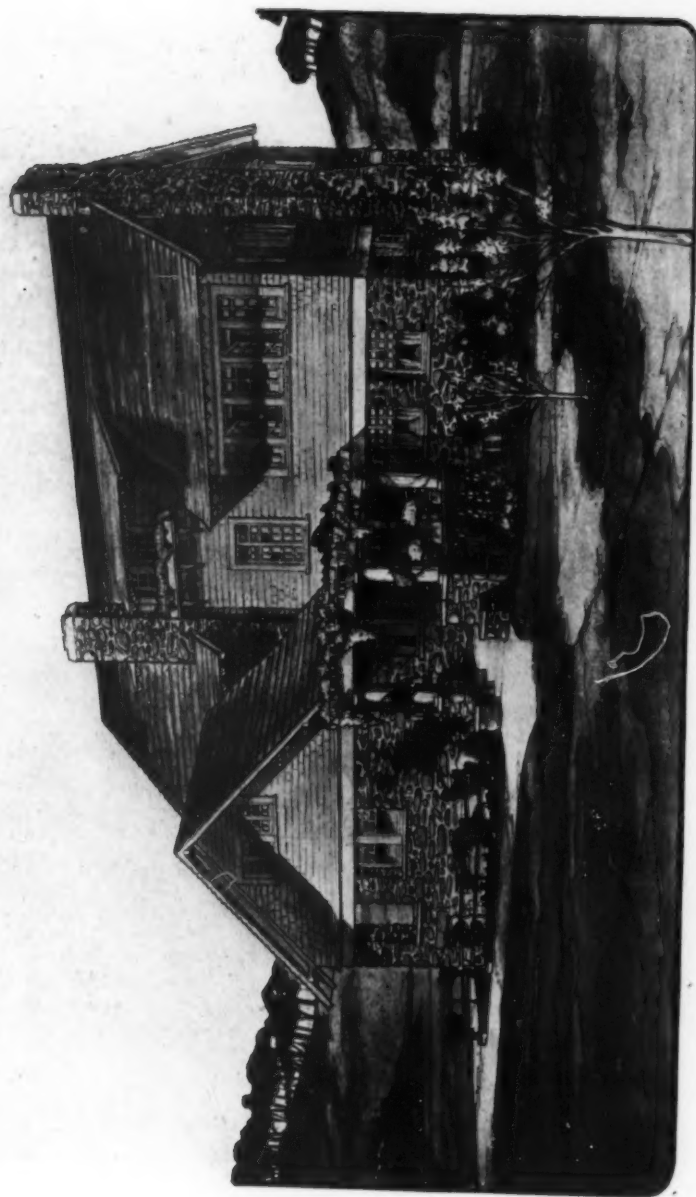
A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE THAT IS INTENDED FOR SUBURBAN LIFE IN A LITTLE RESIDENCE PARK THAT OVERLOOKS THE VALLEY OF THE BRONX, NEAR NEW YORK

THE dwelling illustrated here is a CRAFTSMAN house that is now being built at Colonial Heights, Westchester County, New York. Although it is not yet completed we are, through the courtesy of the owner, publishing the plans and perspectives for the reason that they may contain some suggestion to our other readers. We have found that the suggestive value of pictures and descriptions of CRAFTSMAN houses that are built to suit individual tastes and needs is greater than that of the purely theoretical plans which we published a year or two ago, as, after all, the individuality of a dwelling is large-

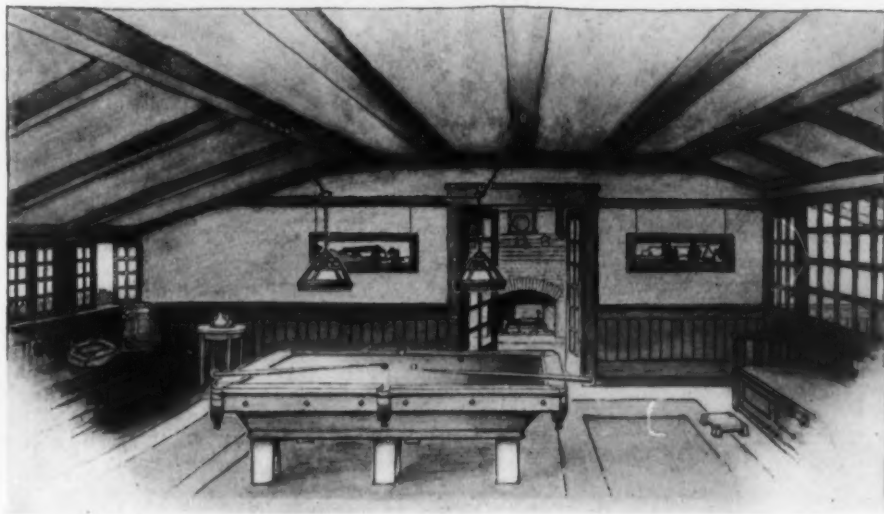
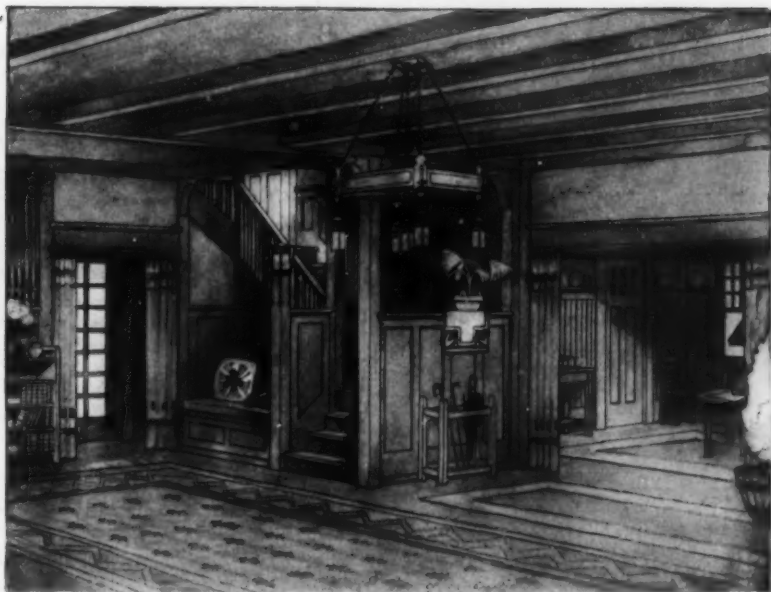




CRAFTSMAN HOUSE BEING BUILT AT
COLONIAL HEIGHTS, WESTCHESTER
CO., NEW YORK: FRONT ELEVATION.

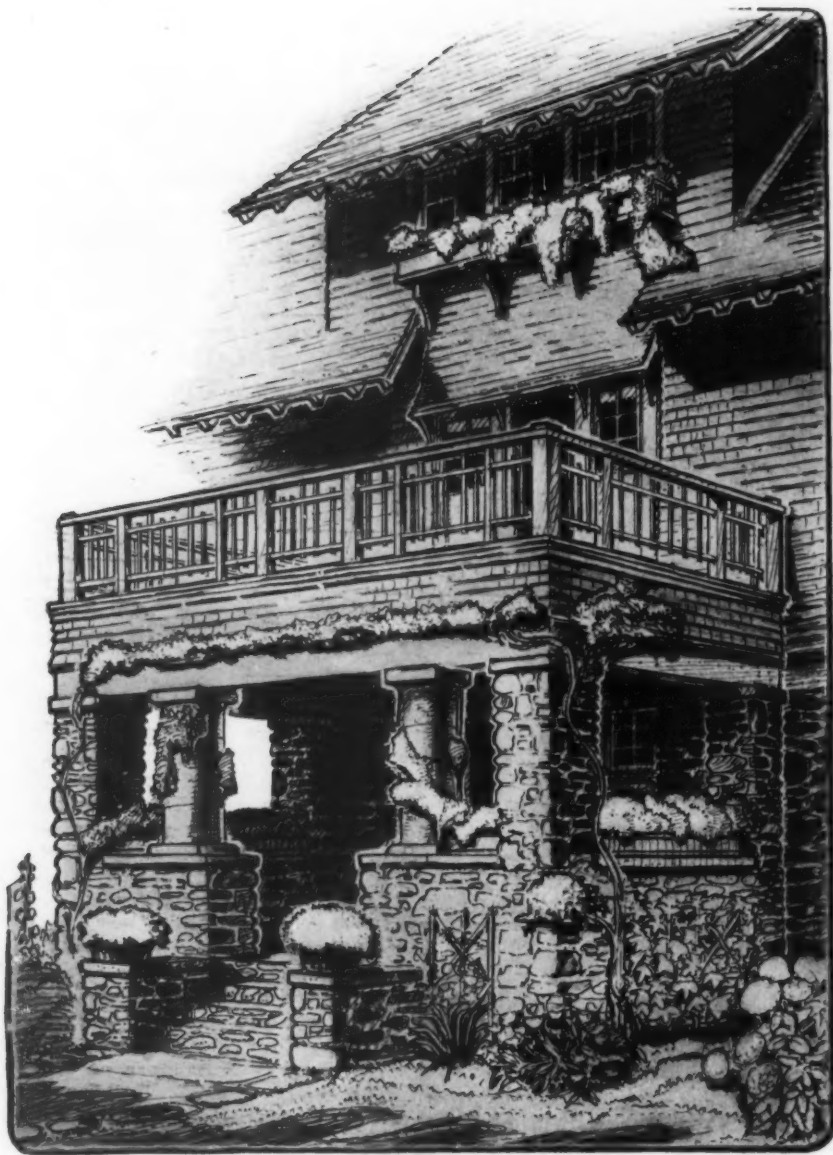


REAR ELEVATION OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE SHOW-
ING INTERESTING ROOF AND PERGOLA-PORCH.



VIEW OF HALL AND STAIRWAY WITH GLIMPSE
OF DINING ROOM AT THE RIGHT.

BILLIARD ROOM ON THIRD FLOOR OF CRAFTS-
MAN HOUSE.



DETAIL DRAWING OF FRONT PORCH,
SHOWING ALSO GOOD ROOF LINES AND
INTERESTING WINDOW GROUPING.

A SUBURBAN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE

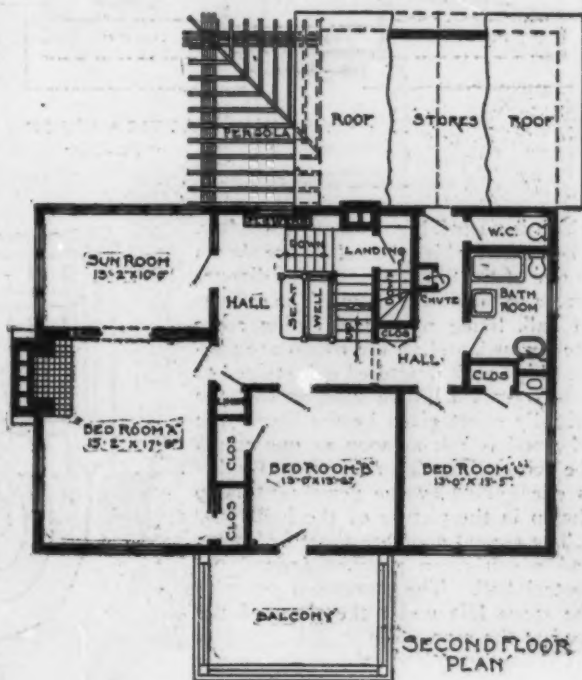
ly a matter of what the owner wants and the requirements of the life that is to be lived in that particular house.

This house overlooks the beautiful Bronx Valley and is designed with a view to the harmony of its lines with the contour of the surrounding landscape. The lower story and the chimneys are of field stone laid up in dark cement with wide joints well raked out. A heavy beam, running entirely around the house, rests upon the stone walls of the lower story, and forms a base for the upper stories, which are of frame construction covered with shingles. This beam not only adds greatly to the strength of the building but is one of the most interesting structural features of the exterior, giving as it does a definite horizontal line that separates the upper and lower walls, which differ so widely in character, and affords an apparent, as well as an actual, resting place for the upper structure. The upper walls are covered with shingles stained to a cool gray brown tone, and the shingles of the roof are moss green. Any effect of monotony in the color is removed by the white porch pillars and window frames, the color in the latter emphasizing the effective grouping of the windows, some of which are double-hung, with small panes in the upper sash, while others are casements.

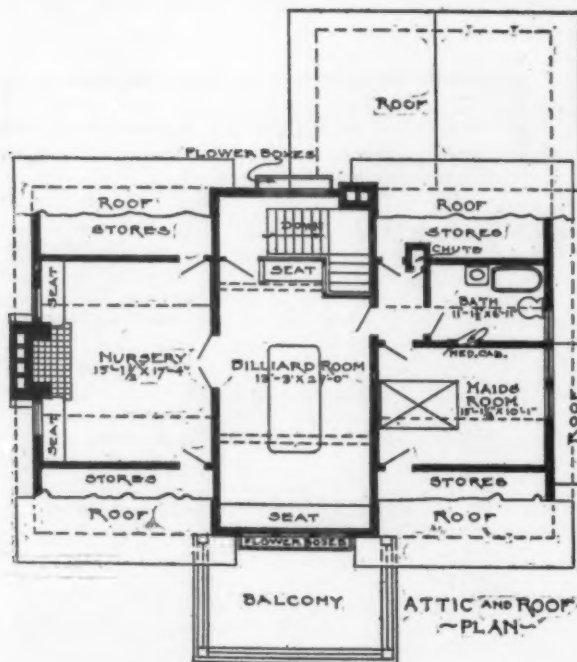
At the front of the house is a square

porch sheltered by high parapets of stone with cement copings, and supported by large square stone pillars, the rugged lines of which are relieved by two round columns of white at the entrance. Above this porch is a balcony opening from the central bedroom in the second story.

The floor plans appended will give an excellent idea of the interior arrangement of the house. With the exception of the kitchen and pantry, the whole lower floor is practically one open space. The living room runs all along one side of the house, with a broad window seat across the front and an ample fireplace built in the center of the side wall. This fireplace is flanked on either side by built-in bookcases, over each one of



A SUBURBAN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE

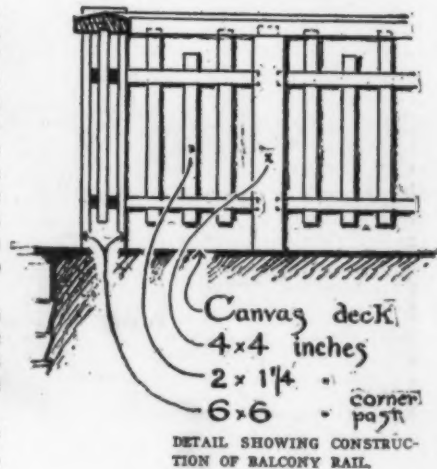


which is shown in one of the illustrations. The window seat extends all across the front, beneath the row of latticed windows that overlook the balcony below. At the back is another seat and a glass partition that separates the billiard room from the staircase and hall outside, thus assuring an even temperature and freedom from drafts in the coldest winter weather. A side door opens into the nursery, which is fitted with a comfortable fireplace and wide, low window seats, and affords ample space for play.

which is a small high casement window. The hall, of which the details are shown in one of the illustrations, leads directly across to the dining room. The ceilings of hall, living room and dining room are beamed, and all the rooms are paneled high with quartered oak stained to a soft grayish brown tone, so that the friendly effect given by the liberal use of wood is felt as soon as one enters the house. The decorative use of lights is exemplified by the newel-post lamp shown in the picture of the hall.

The second floor has three bedrooms and a sun room grouped around the central hall. The storeroom occupies the space left under the slope of the roof at the rear.

On the third floor the central space is occupied by a large billiard room,



DETAIL SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF BALCONY RAIL.

THREE CHARMING COTTAGES DESIGNED FOR SUBURBAN, SEASIDE AND MOUNTAIN LIFE

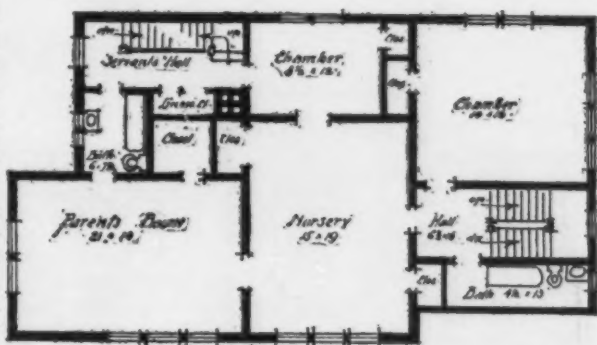
THE three cottages, shown here as examples of what our architects are doing in the way of country dwellings, are designed respectively for the country, the seaside and the mountains. The architect is Mr. F. J. Lippert, whose home is at East Orange, New Jersey, and whose designs show his familiarity with the requirements of suburban and country life. All three exemplify the modern spirit which demands simplicity and freedom in the planning and decorating of the interior, and all are excellently adapted to the uses for which they were intended by the designer.

The first one shown is rather unusual in exterior form, as it has twin gables at the front, giving a very broken roof line for such a small building. This is redeemed from fussiness by the

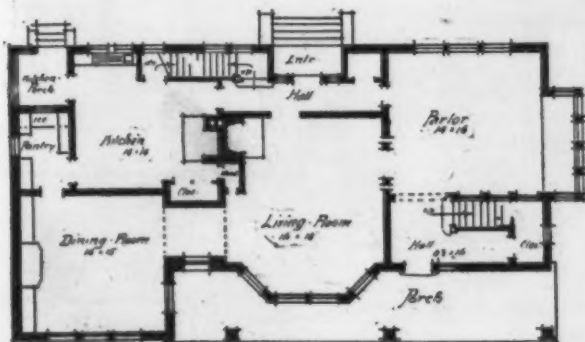
extreme simplicity of the cottage as a whole, a simplicity which is shown in every detail of the interior arrangement as well as in the plan of the exterior.

The whole lower story is finished in Harvard brick, and the upper stories are of wooden frame construction covered with shingles stained a silvery gray. Asbestos shingles are used for the roof and the gable boards; pillars and window trimmings are painted white, completing the color scheme.

The living room is quaint in design and rather severe as to its general effect. The walls are paneled with white wood to a height of four and a half feet from the floor, and the walls are hung with dull blue burlap. The curved bay window is fitted with double-hung sashes glazed with small square panes, and the space below



SECOND FLOOR PLAN FOR SUBURBAN COTTAGE.

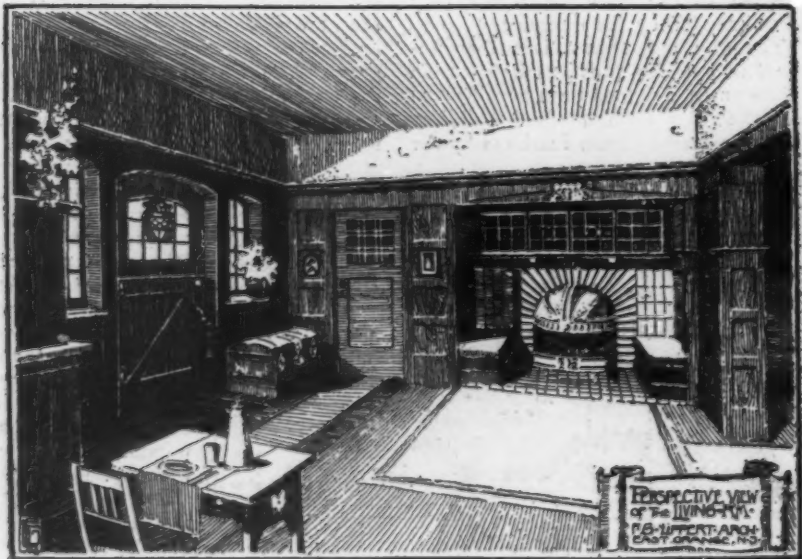


FIRST FLOOR PLAN FOR SUBURBAN COTTAGE.

THREE COUNTRY COTTAGES



SEASIDE COTTAGE OF
ROUGH FIELD STONE.



SITTING ROOM OF COTTAGE SHOWING INGLE-
NOOK: FOR FLOOR PLANS SEE PAGE 661.



F. J. Lippert, architect.

A SUBURBAN COTTAGE OF HARVARD BRICK.
LIVING ROOM SHOWING CURVED BAY WINDOW.
(For Floor Plans see page 657.)



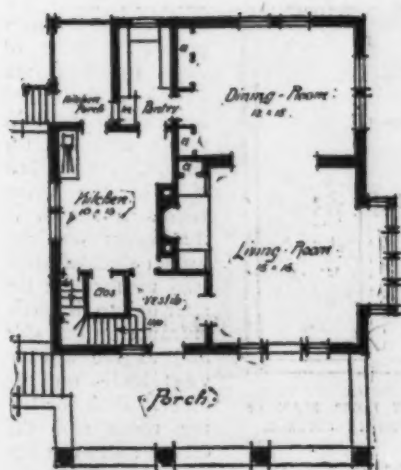
F. J. Lippert, architect.

A MOUNTAIN COTTAGE OF FIELD
STONE AND SHINGLES.

LIVING ROOM WITH FIREPLACE SEAT.

(For Floor Plans see page 662.)

THREE COUNTRY COTTAGES



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF SEASIDE COTTAGE.

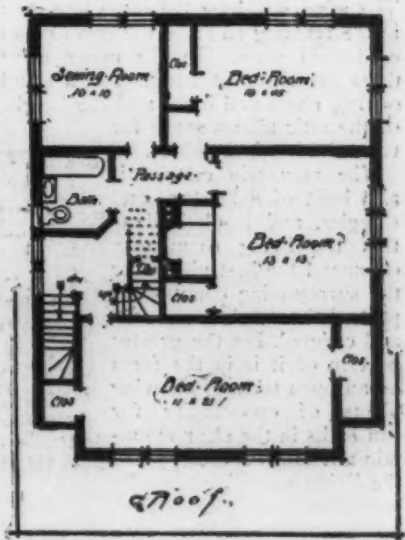
is filled with a window seat. The curtains are of the same blue burlap as the wall covering. The fireplace gives a touch of contrasting color, for it is built of red brick laid with broad white joints and the hearth is made of dull green matt-finished tiles. The deep built-in settle affords a pleasant lounging place by the fire. A low arched opening leads to the dining room, which is also paneled in white wood. The upper walls and ceilings are of rough gray plaster. The parlor, which is at the other side of the living room, and the adjoining stair hall are both finished throughout with weathered oak, the paneling here being six feet in height.

All the rooms upstairs are finished with white wood, and the floors throughout are of hard wood. The kitchen pantry and the two bath rooms are tiled, and all the closets are lined with cypress as a safeguard against moths.

The cottage intended for the seaside is more rugged in effect and even more

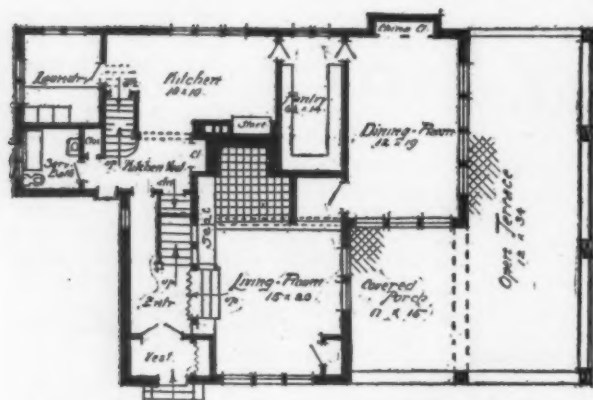
simple in design than the dwelling just described. The lower story is built of rough field stone of a kind often found near the shore, and the upper story is of shingles, with the window trim and shutters painted green. The porch pillars are also built of stone. The porch, which is well protected by the overhanging roof, affords a pleasant outdoor lounging room, and the dormer arrangement of windows in the upper story adds a charming structural feature to the house.

The interior is especially designed for a summer home. It is as open as possible, the dining room being practically a part of the living room, and the kitchen and pantry occupying nearly all the rest of the lower floor. A door from the vestibule opens into the space beside the fireside nook, and a heavy Dutch door leads directly out upon the porch. This door forms an especially



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF SEASIDE COTTAGE.

THREE COUNTRY COTTAGES



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF MOUNTAIN COTTAGE.

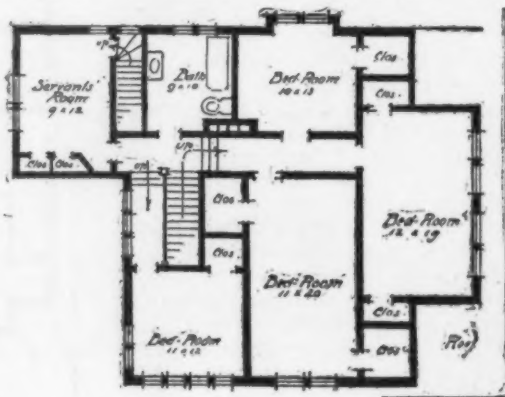
effective feature in the construction of the room, as the lintel is slightly arched and the upper door is filled with small square panes of leaded glass surrounding a decorative device in stained glass. The windows show the same low arch in the framing and also the small panes of leaded glass. In the upper story there are three bedrooms and a small sewing room and bath, and the height of the attic allows space for two additional chambers.

The mountain cottage is also built of field stone and shingles, and is planned so that the living room may command the best view over the surrounding country. A part of the porch is recessed and covered, but the greater portion of it is in the form of an open terrace, allowing plenty of opportunity for sun baths in the clear mountain air. In this cottage also the living room is unusually homelike and comfortable, as it contains a huge, old-fashioned log fireplace set

deep in an inglenook. The fireplace proper is built of big terra-cotta blocks, with red brick used for the inside and for the hearth. At the left side of the living room, as shown in the illustration, three broad, shallow steps lead up through the stair hall to the main entrance on one side and to the kitchen vestibule on the other. Both the living room and the dining room are finished in walnut, and in the former the ceiling is beamed and the frieze divided off into panels by broad strips of wood. The bedrooms are all finished in white wood stained in light tints to suit the furniture and hangings.

The plan, which shows clearly the arrangement of the rooms, presents a somewhat unusual feature of a laundry and servants' bath on the first floor.

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SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF MOUNTAIN COTTAGE.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUILD: BOTH LABOR AND CONSTRUCTION MATERIALS ARE CHEAPER THAN THEY HAVE BEEN FOR FIVE YEARS, BUT A SPEEDY RISE IN PRICES IS PREDICTED

ONE of the paradoxical results of the financial stringency we have so recently passed through has been the impetus given to building operations. Men who are trained observers of the signs of the times are advising those who intend to build at any time in the near future to begin right now, for the reason that the price of raw materials of all kinds and also of labor is very considerably lower than it has been, and consequently the builder would be assured of a much better return for his investment than would have been possible had he built at a time when every price was at the top notch and labor was costly and difficult to obtain.

This is one of the signs by which we know that hard times, dreaded as they are by all, are not entirely evil in their effects. The prosperity of the past seven years has been almost unparalleled in the history of this or any other country, but the law of compensation, which is as inevitable as the ebb and flow of the tides, decreed that we should pay for our material ease and wonderful advancement in a general slackening of all the standards that make for the permanent welfare of a nation.

One of the first evidences of wealth that is too easily obtained is a tendency toward wastefulness—a carelessness regarding details which are considered insignificant amid the press of larger affairs. During the seven fat years that have just passed, a certain element of wastefulness has crept into all forms of production and all raw materials have been treated as part of an inex-

haustible supply. This has been shown with startling clearness by the recent revelations concerning the prodigality we have shown with regard to our timber and coal supplies, but this has been only a part of it—the same spirit of wastefulness has permeated every industry in the land. Partly because of our great commercial and industrial activity, and partly because our careless methods have greatly reduced our supply of raw materials, the price of nearly every stable commodity has risen above the normal during the period of what seemed our most phenomenal prosperity. Manufacturers have felt this to such an extent that for the last two or three years a number of our largest concerns have actually been running on a basis which allowed an astonishingly small margin of profit. It has been impossible to raise to any extent the prices of manufactured goods, which were fixed at a time when raw material was abundant and comparatively cheap, but the output has been so enormous and the factory methods so wasteful of material, that before the crash came last fall many of our prominent manufacturers were forced to acknowledge that they were not running their plants on a paying basis; that they could not raise the price of the products sufficiently to reimburse them for the greatly increased prices they were paying for raw materials and labor.

Exactly the same state of affairs has prevailed among the building contractors and those who look to the rental of buildings as a source of income. With prices abnormally high both for labor and materials, the possibility of

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUILD

loss on the investment was too great to tempt a man to take the risk of building, unless he could afford to lose or to wait a long time for his profits, especially as those profits, even when they came in, represented a far smaller return from the investment than would naturally accrue from the extent of the outlay in the beginning. Also, with a job waiting for every man who could work, the demands of the labor unions grew more and more arbitrary and an enormous percentage of building operations were tied up for indefinite periods by strikes.

All these conditions combined to slacken building operations at a time when the general logic of events would seem to demand that they be unprecedently brisk, but improved real estate always has been and always will be considered the best possible investment for people of all classes. The man who is thrifty and who looks to the future, whether he be man of business, salaried employee or wage earning laborer, will invest his savings in real property, which will either provide a home for himself and his family, or from which he can derive a certain settled income beyond what he can earn. To these people we say: Now is the time to build, for now is the time to buy building materials at prices which practically assure a good return for all building investments. With the coming of renewed activity along all lines—and this is near at hand—the prices will once more begin to rise. This is but the natural course of events.

Not only are construction materials lower in price just now than they have been for years, but labor is cheaper. The reason in both cases is the same—the supply is now largely in excess of the demand. It looks as if the bottom had been reached and as if the time had come when stock must be made to move and tied-up capital must once

more be made to earn its way. This can be done only by stimulating the demand even at the cost of selling, for a time, at an absolute loss.

A movement that has developed into a very active campaign was started a few weeks ago by *The American Lumberman*. It was inspired by the startling statement of a Cleveland, (Ohio) lumber dealer, who recently awarded the contract for building a house he was prevented from building in 1907, because of the too great cost. He was able to save over last year's estimates nearly thirty per cent.

Here are items supplied by him that give specific and indisputable information:

	1907	1908	% of dec.
Masonry and			
grading	\$1,329	\$944	29.0
Plastering	585	313	46.8
Plumbing	640	500	21.9
Heating	730	570	22.0
Painting	530	400	24.5
Lumber, \$4 to \$6 per M feet less..			20.0

By striking an average of these figures it will be seen that there is a net saving of twenty-eight per cent.

This, of course, is an individual case, but in substantiation of its fairness in depicting the general condition of affairs in that section of the country we quote from a letter received from one of the largest supply houses in Ohio:

"Answering your letter of the 11th inst., beg to advise that the prices on Portland cement, sewer pipe, partition tile, wall plaster and other materials of like nature which we handle are approximately twenty-five per cent. to thirty per cent. lower than they were last year at this time. From the material standpoint, buildings can be erected much cheaper at this time than for the past several years, not only owing to the fact that building

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUILD

materials are lower in price at the present time than they ever have been in the history of building industry, but also because of the increased amount of work the contractor can obtain from his labor at the same or even less rate per hour than heretofore."

From a little further West, the *Chicago Tribune*, in an editorial under the caption, "The Time to Build," says:

"The time to build is right now. The warehouses are full. There are large stocks on hand of lumber, building hardware, lime, cement, and other materials needed in construction. While there has been no special announcement of reduction in prices, competition is accomplishing the same end. People want to get business and are ready to make concessions to secure it.

"Glassmakers, lumbermen, hardware dealers, brick and stone men—in fact, those who handle almost every article of construction—are anxious for sales. The mills and factories which have been run on short schedules or have been shut down are eagerly awaiting opportunity. The workmen who have been idle are ready to handle the machines and will have more zest in it because of their enforced inactivity.

"Money is much easier. The banks have funds available and at reasonable rates. Yellow pine, hemlock, spruce, northern pine and hardwoods are offered at considerably lower rates than those of last year. In fact, no matter in what direction the builder may turn, he will find conditions far more satisfactory from his point of view than for a long time. Those who have wanted to build but have held back because of high prices have a splendid opportunity at the present time. The right time to build is most certainly now."

THE CRAFTSMAN, by interview and correspondence with many of the larg-

est manufacturers of building materials in the country, has been able to verify these reports. Though there is a great variance in the percentages of decrease in cost, there is, in every line of building material, a decrease of from five to forty per cent. The statement made in many of the replies to letters of inquiry, that at no period during the past five years has it been possible to build to such signal advantage as at the present time, should appeal very strongly to all who intend to build either for personal use or as an investment.

This is simply a practical application of the principle of buying when prices are low and the market is rising, and in this case it should give unusual returns, for not only will the individual builder be benefited by the increase of purchasing power of any sum of money he may have at his disposal to invest, but the revival of business that will inevitably be brought about by such an inducement to investors will tend more than anything else to bring back the whole business situation to its normal state of activity. So many manufacturers and so many trades are involved in the various details of building that any slackening along these lines is felt severely and in a great many directions. Hence it is hardly exaggeration to say that a revival of activity in building will do more to start renewed activity along all lines than would be possible with almost any other form of industry, especially as it is rather a coincidence that this decline in the prices of building materials and of labor has come just at a time when the movement toward the building of small dwellings, especially in the country, seems to be gathering force. Many a man who could not otherwise afford to own his cottage will now venture to build it and so save the regular drain of the rent,—and rents have not gone down.

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: A SERIES OF LESSONS: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER: NUMBER XII

"If we sing we must sing sweetly; if we color we must color rightly."—RUSKIN.

A discussion of color without definite examples of color work must, beyond a certain elementary point, lead one to conclusions of doubtful value. It may be assumed that every craftsworker is sincere in a desire to use colors harmoniously. The chief aim in following any systematic study of color is to be found in the acquisition of assurance in the mixing of colors, discrimination in the comparison of colors, appreciation of beautiful colorings, and, perhaps of most importance, ability to select and arrange colors in harmonious combinations.

The question arises, where can one turn for a start in the study of color? A study of the science of color will lead to a theory based on the admixture of colored lights; the painter employs pigments. The conclusions of the former are often at variance with the practice of the latter. A student might delve through many volumes without

recognizing the very information that he seeks. Again, science deals with the cause of color; taste concerns itself with the effect. A man of wretched taste might be a profound student of color science; and, on the other hand, a

Spectrum Colors

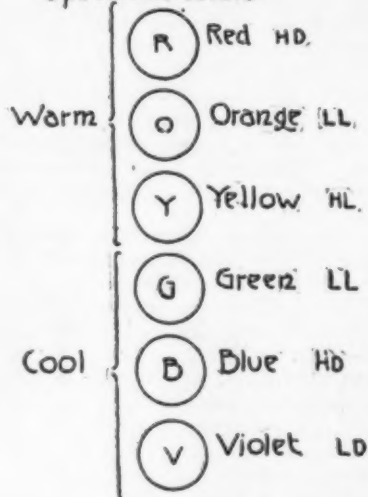


FIGURE SEVENTY-EIGHT.

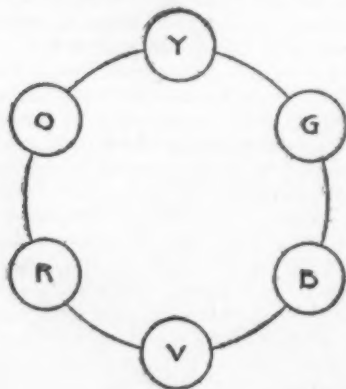


FIGURE SEVENTY-SEVEN.

person of consummate taste might be quite uninformed on the scientific side of color. With all, color is a question of many complex phases.

It is not the purpose of this article, then, to attempt a discussion of color in terms of language; but rather to suggest a few experiments that may be serviceable to the beginner in the mixing of colors, and in the discrimination of certain color relations. The six-color boxes, furnished for use in public school work, with the addition of char-

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coal gray paint, may serve for the work to be outlined. The scale shown in Fig. 81 is based on the experiments of Dr. Denman Ross, of Harvard University.

For any consideration of color, however limited it may be, we must begin at the simple band of colors known as the spectrum. Suffice it for our purpose to say that this spectrum may be seen by placing a triangular prism of glass in the sunlight in such position that a ray of light passing through it will throw upon a convenient surface a band of colors of such brilliancy and intensity that, with the purest pigments at our command, we can make but a dull approximation. Lacking a prism of glass, the rainbow itself may serve as an example of the decomposition of white sunlight into its colored constituents.

How many distinct color intervals may be noted in a careful examination of this spectrum is not of immediate concern. It is enough for our purpose to choose six intervals of color and give to them the commonly accepted nomenclature, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet. In the selection of six pigments with which to make a record of these colors for purposes of experiment we must have six colors equally distant one from another in quality. If, for example, the six color notes were to be placed at equal intervals about the circumference of a circle, as in Fig. 77, each note must be distinctive in quality; the orange must not verge upon yellow on the one hand, or upon red on the other. The color boxes adapted to school work fulfill this condition in a fairly satisfactory way.

Even a casual examination of Nature's spectrum will bring two facts to notice. First, the colors are unequally distributed as regards area. Red covers a much larger area than yellow; the latter appears as a very narrow strip of color near the center of the spec-

Neutral Scale

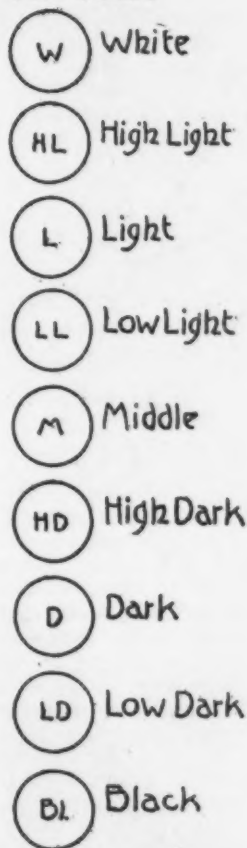


FIGURE SEVENTY-NINE.

trum. Second, the colors in the region of yellow are very much higher in value than those at the ends of the spectrum. In other words, while the colors are equally strong and intense, those bordering upon yellow approach nearer to white light than the others. The unequal distribution of colors in the spec-

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Warm Colors Neutral Scale Cool Colors

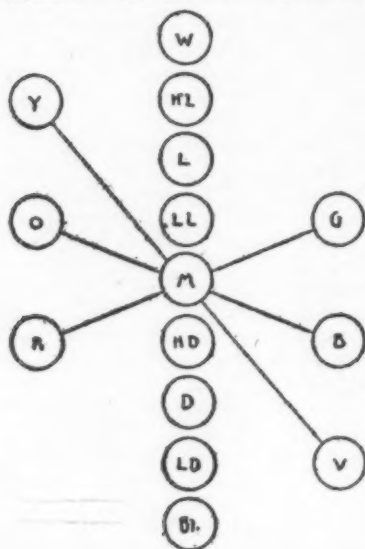


FIGURE EIGHTY.

trum is not an essential factor in the experiments to be suggested. Hence, in the diagram shown in Fig. 78, the colors have been equally distributed as regards space. The question of relative color values, however, is one of importance. In this diagram the relative values of the colors when given their full intensities in water color pigments are indicated. The writer is not prepared to say that these color values are scientifically exact, in accordance with the wave lengths of the different colors. They approach a very close approximation, however, and are justified by the convenience afforded in a systematic adjustment of tone relations for purposes of study.

The next definite step to be taken in the adjustment of a scale of tone relations would be to bring this spectrum

and the scale of values, already noted in the February CRAFTSMAN, into some definitely established relation. In the value scale shown five equal value contrasts from black to white inclusive were made. The number of the notes in this scale may now be increased to nine by the addition of another gray value between each pair of the first scale, the middle value, or keynote of the scale, remaining the same in each result (Fig. 79). Now a reference to the spectrum, indicated in Fig. 78, shows that it may be divided at the center into a group of cool colors and a group of warm colors. This division is made on a basis of association, the warm group suggesting warmth and sunshine, the cool group suggesting cooler tones and shadows, as in Nature.

Now, if you will compare Figs. 78-79 with Fig. 80, it will be noted that a

Warm Colors Neutral Scale Cool Colors

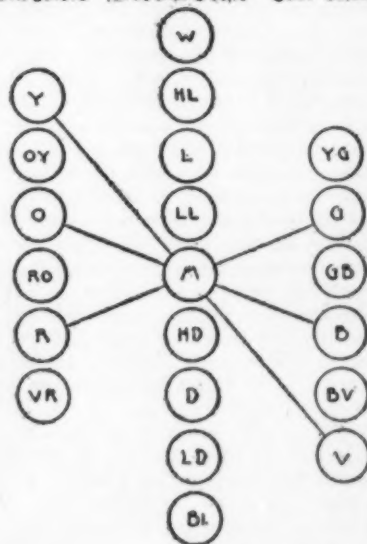


FIGURE EIGHTY-ONE.

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composite diagram has been made in which the colors of the spectrum have been given their relative value relations with the neutral scale of nine notes. The group of cool colors has been given the right side of the scale, the group of warm colors the left side. The completion of such a scale as this, in tones, of course, offers the first opportunity for the careful comparison of color values. Thus far no question of color mixing is involved. It demands merely a careful discrimination in the adjustment of the value relations indicated by the diagram. The next step, leading to the completion of the scale, as shown in Fig. 81, would be the addition of the intermediate tones obtained by mixing the colors expressed in the abbreviations used;—blue-violet, for example, would be obtained by mixing blue and violet. Of course, by varying the amounts of these two colors, a number of intermediate notes might be made; but to simplify matters one such step, half way between the two in quality and value, will be sufficient. The adjustment of these intermediates with the rest of the scale demands unusual care; because it will be found here at the start that a mixture of any two colors produces a result less clear and intense than either of the originals.

We now find ourselves in possession of a simple, ideal color unit with which much valuable work of an experimental character may be done. Indeed, in the completion of such a scale alone, there is need of clear thinking and good judgment—sufficient to justify the trouble involved. As a backbone our scale has the invariable ladder of values from black to white inclusive, with the six colors of the spectrum and their intermediates arranged in approximate value relations, all keyed to a fixed note, the middle value of gray. The relation of the various colors to this middle neutral and the important principle of color

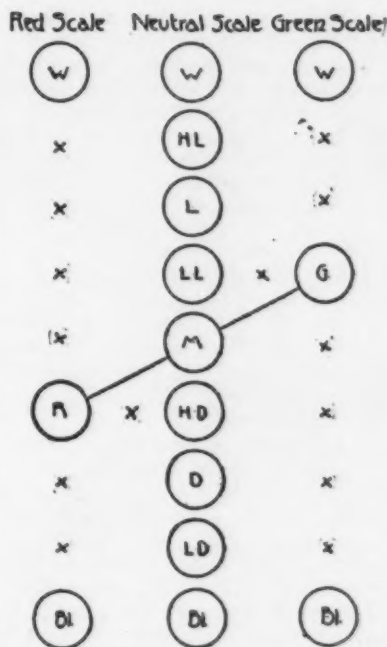


FIGURE EIGHTY-TWO.

mixing to be found are matters of concern to one who would make practical use of the scale.

Briefly stated, this principle is as follows:—Any two colors on opposite sides of the neutral scale of values that can be joined by a line passing through the middle note, as shown in Fig. 81, will, when carefully mixed, produce a neutral gray tone. That is to say, a neutral gray may be obtained by mixing yellow and violet; the same neutral gray may be made by mixing red and green, or orange yellow and blue violet. If you will take a brush full of yellow pigment and a brush full of violet pigment and carefully bring them together on a sheet of white paper, it will be found that one completely neutralizes

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: NUMBER XII

the other. It may be difficult to obtain a pure gray; but an approximate gray will be apparent at once. These colors are known as complementary pairs, and a working knowledge of the effect of these colors, whether mixed or used in juxtaposition, is very essential to any intelligent use of color. There is another vital point to be learned here. We must resort to the complement of a given color, not only to wholly or partially neutralize it, but to darken it as well. Suppose, for instance, that it is desired to make a scale of yellow, the lightest color of the spectrum, that will pass in gradation from the pure color down to black, and still retain throughout its yellow quality. If you try to darken yellow by adding black (or neutralize it by adding gray), it will be found that a dingy sort of mud soon results. But by a careful intermixing of yellow and violet it is possible to send the former down in value close to black and still retain the yellow character. So we find that with practice in the use of complementaries we can neutralize a given color without changing its value, or we can change its value without materially altering its distinctive color value. One may be skeptical of the truth of this statement; but it must be remembered that a third element always enters into the combination,—water used in moistening the pigment, rendering it more or less transparent, thus bringing the white of the paper into the scheme as a factor of considerable influence. Indeed, there is another factor that inevitably enters into any orderly study of color mixing, the same factor that is so essential in any design work,—good, wholesome common sense.

Many experiments or tests for color discrimination might be suggested on the basis of our scale. One will serve as typical (Fig. 82). Choose a pair of

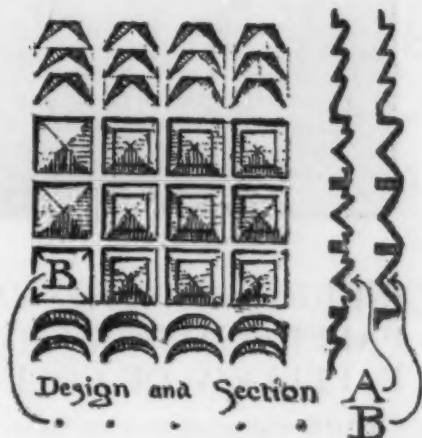
complementaries from Fig. 81, in this case red and green. With the charcoal gray paint make a scale of carefully adjusted neutrals. See if you can send your colors down to black, up to white, and then fill in the half neutralized notes indicated in this diagram. A few such experiments should serve to give one some definite control over the medium employed and make the question of color mixing a matter of certainty rather than luck. Continued practice should enable one to analyze a given color scheme with ease and strike with assurance for the various color mixtures necessary for its production.

After all, to the craftsworker, it is largely a question of material, texture, finish, that is of immediate concern. He must know and love his materials, must learn through practice the action upon them of various dyes, stains, chemicals, etc., must know how to preserve the distinctive character, the unique texture or finish most appropriate to each material that he employs. The quality peculiar to stone, metal, brick, wood, cloth, leather, the combinations in which these materials may be employed for the most effective results, cannot be covered by any theory or system of tone relations worked out on paper with water color pigments. There was a time when interior decorators wasted much time in working out a water color scheme for the benefit of their clients. Disappointment often resulted. It is now a common practice to assemble the actual materials to be used, properly treated, and thus discuss on a practical and sensible basis the effects that it is intended to produce. The clue to the wonderful coloring of the mediæval beaded glass was found in the melting pots; and in constructive work of all kinds experience with the materials counts far more than paper made theories.

CHIP CARVING IS GOOD FOR PRACTICE

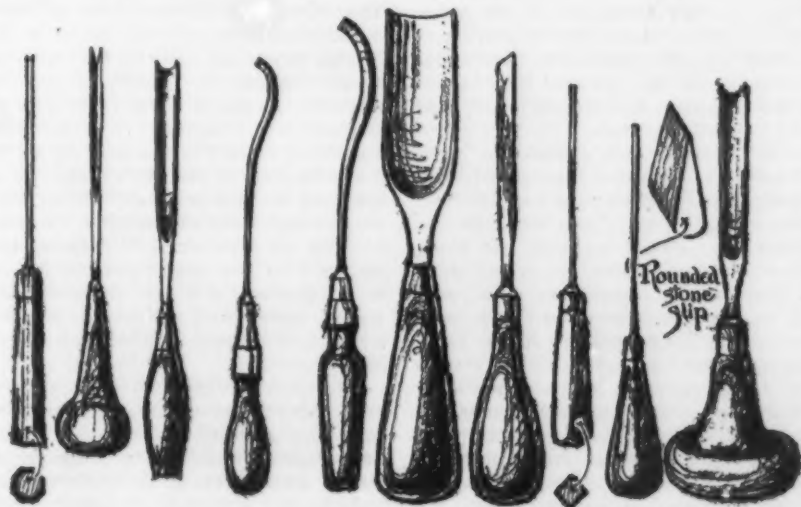
THE beginner in wood carving can have no more valuable exercise than what is known as "chip carving," which enables him to get well in touch with his tools and to learn the grain and fiber of the different woods. This is a very primitive form of carving and some interesting examples of it may be seen by studying the canoe paddles of the South Sea islanders, which may be found in many museums.

The repetition of small squares, not over $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch in size, should be done with a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch chisel, of which the corners must be kept very sharp. Subtle changes in detail may be made as suggested in the sketch. It will be noticed that in design A there is a narrow border which reduces the comparative size of the square, while design B is simpler in form. Of course the design is first laid out with a pencil; if possible the sectional depths are then determined by the cutting of



DESIGNS FOR CHIP CARVING.

a small piece of wax, clay or soft wood; the angle is determined by the nature of the wood and the pressure of the wrist.



SUGGESTIONS FOR SHAPING HANDLES TO BE IDENTIFIED BY THE TOUCH.



INDIGO AND THE VAT COLORS: FOURTH PAPER ON DYEING: BY PROFESSOR CHARLES E. PELLEW OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

THE small group of colors known as the Vat colors comprise, at once, the most ancient and the most modern of all dyestuffs. The most important member of this group, indigo, has been known and used, in a more or less impure form, from the days of the ancient Egyptians. But it is only some five or six years since it was first put on the market in a perfectly pure condition. The other members of the group, the Indanthrenes, Algols, and the rest, are even more recent in origin.

The dyestuff indigo does not exist in nature as such, but is prepared, by a comparatively simple process of extraction and oxidation, from the juices of plants, the *Indigofera*, different kinds of which, *Indigofera anil*, *I. argentea*, *I. tinctoria*, etc., are found wild, and, up to the last few years, have been extensively cultivated in India, Java, Japan, China, Central and South America, and in Africa. Indigo may also be obtained, although in small quantities and in an impure condition, from other plants, especially from *Isatis tinctoria*, or woad, which at one time was extensively cultivated in England and on the continent.

The synthesis, *i. e.*, the chemical formation, of indigo from coal tar products has been justly regarded as one of the great triumphs of modern science. But let me impress upon my readers this fact—the real dyestuff, indigo, is absolutely the same material, whether it comes mixed with a great mass of impurities, as in the woad, or whether it contains from 5 to 25 per cent. of foreign matter of little or no value, as in the Bengal or natural indigo, or whether we get it from Metz or the Badische Co., chemically pure, either in the dry state or thinned with water in the form of a 20 per cent. paste. It is the same dye, and being absolutely without contamination of any kind, the artificial or synthetic dyestuff presents advantages in the matter of purity of shade, ease and surety of manipulation, and permanence of the color produced, which could never be obtained before its introduction.

Application of Indigo.—The general principles of dyeing with indigo are the same now as in the days of the Egyptians—the only difference being in the means used to bring about the chemical changes involved. Indigo itself is a blue solid, insoluble in water, acids

INDIGO AND THE VAT COLORS

and alkalies, and practically unaffected by sunlight. If, however, oxygen be taken away from it, or, as the chemist would say, it is "reduced," by the action of any one of numerous deoxidizing or reducing agents, the indigo blue is changed to a new substance, indigo white, which is almost colorless, and which dissolves, in the presence of alkalies, to a bright yellow liquid. If cotton, wool, paper, wood, or indeed almost any solid materials (noticeably the fingers and nails, as some of my readers may find out), are immersed in the solution, they will absorb some of this indigo white, and then, on exposure to the air, the white indigo will rapidly take up oxygen, and become converted into the insoluble blue coloring matter.

Up to the last few years the methods used for reducing the indigo, *i. e.*, of changing the solid blue into the soluble white, were based upon some kind of fermentation, usually alcoholic fermentation. It was found out at a very early date that if indigo, ground up with water to a paste, and rendered alkaline by the addition of wood ashes, soda, or other simple alkalies, was mixed with grape juice, or any other sugary liquid, and then kept warm and allowed to ferment, the resulting liquid would contain the dyestuff dissolved in a form suitable for dyeing.

At the very best the fermentation method is slow, uncertain, and difficult to manage, especially on a small scale. In wool dyeing, to this day, vats are considerably used where syrup, ground madder root or, occasionally, woad, wheat bran, and other materials which ferment readily in the presence of alkali, are stirred up with warm water and soda, and then allowed to stand. In two or three days they are in active fermentation, and the indigo in the form of paste is added and well stirred in. After several hours more the in-

digo is "reduced," and, if the amount of alkali, the temperature, the concentration of the vat, and various other factors are carefully attended to, the bath can be used for several days without being made over again; fresh indigo and other ingredients being added, from time to time, as needed. Cotton, linen, wool and even silk can be dipped in this bath, which should be light greenish yellow in color, with a blue or bluish-green scum or coating, where the indigo is oxidized on the surface; and then, when the goods are taken out and exposed to the air, the blue color speedily develops.

A serious drawback to all these various fermentation vats is that a good deal of the dyestuff is always spoiled—*i. e.*, decomposed into colorless compounds which can never be regenerated or made useful. Indeed, the loss from this cause frequently amounts to 20 or 25 per cent. of all the dye used, and occasionally, especially in hot weather, far more.

Chemical Vats.—As soon as it was clearly understood just what chemical action was going on in the vats, and the object of it, chemists began to find out methods for reducing the indigo without the necessity of a long, tedious and even nasty fermentation process.

They first introduced the copperas lime vat, where the reduction was done by the use of ferrous sulphate (green vitriol or copperas), and slaked lime was used, as the alkali, to keep the indigo white dissolved.

Then they introduced zinc dust, a very powerful reducing agent, in place of the copperas, avoiding in this way the large amount of precipitated iron oxide, which always forms in the copperas vat and leads to loss of dye and muddiness and dullness of color.

Modern Methods of Dyeing Indigo.—At present, at any rate on a small scale, where the expense of the raw

INDIGO AND THE VAT COLORS

material is not the very first consideration, by far the most satisfactory method is to use as a reducing agent the chemical known as sodium hydrosulphite, in a bath made strongly alkaline with caustic soda. Hydrosulphite acts very rapidly, leaving no sediment, and causes no loss or waste of the indigo; and, with its introduction, the dyeing of indigo has become extremely simple.

To still further shorten and simplify the process, the large manufacturers not only furnish indigo already ground up to a fine paste with water, but also supply indigo already reduced, by hydrosulphite or some other reducing agent, so that it is almost ready to dye with as it is, and will dissolve almost instantaneously in an alkaline bath with the addition of just a little more reducing agent. Such products are the Indigo Vat. III, Metz, and the Indigo Solution—20%, Badische. By using either of these, the preparation of a vat large enough to dye 3 or 3½ pounds of cotton is the task of but a few moments.

Dyeing Directions.—The dye pot is filled with warm water, at about 120° F. (when the finger can hardly bear the heat), and sufficient caustic soda is added to make the bath decidedly alkaline. The dyestuff is stirred into the liquid, and then to the dyestuff is added sodium hydrosulphite, in powder, or, preferably, dissolved in water, until the color of the bath changes from blue, first to green, and then to greenish yellow, with a bluish green coppery scum. If the bath is bright yellow, too much hydrosulphite has been used, and some more indigo should be added, or, if this is not desirable for fear of getting too dark shades, the bath should be exposed to the air and stirred frequently until the color is right. If the bath looks blue, or even markedly green, it needs a little more hydrosulphite. If, after

reduction, the bath looks yellow but turbid, it probably needs more alkali.

Into this bath the material is placed, and stirred around until thoroughly saturated—the temperature being kept about 120° F. as far as possible. The goods are then taken out, wrung lightly by hand, and then carefully, two or three times, through the wringer to get the color evenly distributed. They are then shaken out and hung up in the air to oxidize. In half or three-quarters of an hour they should be rinsed well, in two or three waters, to get rid of all traces of the caustic alkali, and then boiled in a soap bath, to wash off the loose dyestuff and prevent rubbing. After rinsing and drying, they are ready for use.

Special Notes on Dyeing Indigo.—It is very important, when working with these Vat colors, to remember that hot solutions of caustic alkali are about as hard on the hands as any chemicals used in dyeing, and that, therefore, rubber gloves are extremely useful, if not essential. Stains left on hands, clothes and utensils, although difficult to remove by washing, are almost instantly dissolved by warm solutions of hydrosulphite with a little soda or other alkali in them.

The colors produced by synthetic indigo are clear and clean, but not brilliant. In case the slight purplish shades of natural indigo are desired, they can be obtained with special brands, Indigo R. or Indigo R. R., Metz, or by mixing some Algol Red B., Elberfeld, or Thion Indigo Red B., Kalle, with the indigo before reducing it. When dyeing to shade successive batches of materials, it is generally easier to make a strong "stock solution" of indigo reduced with hydrosulphite and alkali, and measure out the proper quantities of this standard color to be used, properly diluted with water, for each new lot of goods.

For cotton dyeing, indigo, with the

INDIGO AND THE VAT COLORS

possible exception of some of the Sulphur colors, is the most permanent and valuable blue dyestuff known. Its chief drawback is a tendency to rub, especially in the darker shades. This can best be avoided by always using a bath well reduced, by washing with hot soap after each dip, and by building up the dark shades by successive dipping in moderately weak vats, rather than by getting the color once for all by using a very strong, concentrated dye-liquor.

Other Vat Colors beside Indigo.—Up to a very recent date indigo was the only dyestuff, of any interest at any rate, that was dyed in the manner just described, and produced colors fast to light and washing. During the last three or four years, however, the attention of dye chemists has been directed to this question, and at least three of the great dye houses have issued dyes which include red, brown, yellow, green, as well as different shades of blue, and which, applied in the same way as indigo, rival that color in permanence.

The class names of these colors are Indanthrene, Badische; Algol, Elberfeld; and Thion Indigo, Kalle. They are extremely interesting and valuable to the arts and crafts worker, because they are so very fast, both to light and washing. For stencil work, too, these colors, as well as the previously described Sulphur colors, will be found very valuable. But for commercial purposes they have serious disadvantages, such as high cost, difficulty in dyeing to exact shade, and, above all, difficulty in dyeing exactly even, which prevent their being adopted as freely and enthusiastically as their valuable properties would warrant.

Methods of Application.—These dyes are all applied, almost exactly like indigo, in the hydrosulphite bath, and are used for cotton and vegetable fibers, rarely for wool, silk, etc., on account of

the danger to the fiber of hot caustic alkalies.

The color is always in a paste form, usually 20% strong, and therefore should be carefully shaken and mixed in the original package each time that it is used. The proper amount, to be determined only by experience, is stirred into hot water at about 140° F. if possible (this being well below a boil, and yet hot enough to scald the tips of the fingers). To this is added caustic soda, in the proportion of four or five spoonfuls of alkali to each one of the color, and when this is dissolved, the dyestuff is reduced by adding, slowly, spoonful after spoonful of sodium hydrosulphite in powder, with constant stirring, until the dyestuff is reduced. This can be tested by drawing out the dyestick, and noticing whether the liquid drops off, from the end, clear or turbid. If the latter, more hydrosulphite is needed. The same test can be made by dipping a piece of white blotting paper into the liquid, and, on taking it out, noticing whether there are little spots and specks of undissolved color.

The color of some of the dyes changes when they are reduced. Thus, Indanthrene Yellow, Badische, formerly called Phenanthrene, turns from yellow to blue when enough hydrosulphite is added.

Into this hot reduced bath the well-wetted material is placed, and stirred around. After it has been thoroughly soaked through, it is kept in the bath, with constant turning, for 15 or 20 minutes, and then taken out, and run two or three times through the wringer, to get the color as even as possible. The loose dye-liquor, pressed out in this way, is returned to the dye bath, and the goods are shaken out and exposed to the air, until the color fully develops.

The free alkali should then be washed out in several waters, and, especially for the Indanthrene colors, the goods

INDIGO AND THE VAT COLORS

should be passed through a very weak bath of sulphuric acid, one-half spoonful of acid to two gallons of water, after which they should be washed in hot water, and soap, till all loose color has been washed out.

The colors produced in this way are bright and interesting, especially in the reds, where the Sulphur colors are so deficient. The selected colors given below are among the very fastest known.

Badische—Indanthrene Blue, G. C. D.
 " Yellow, G.
 " Copper, R.

Also Indigo solution, 20%.

Elberfeld—Algol Blue, 3 G.

 " Yellow.

 " Red, B.

Kalle—Thion Indigo Red B.

 " Scarlet.

Metz—Indigo Vat III.

General Review of Cotton Dyeing.—The dyes hitherto described, namely, the Mineral colors, the Direct Cotton or Salt colors, the Sulphur colors, and the Vat colors, include all the important dyestuffs used for dyeing cotton and linen without the use of mordants.

In closing the subject of cotton dyeing for arts and crafts workers, it may be worth while, as a review of the subject, to publish here dyeing directions used, in actual practice, by the workers at a well-known Neighborhood House—Greenwich House—where for some years an interesting and well-managed industry has been established in home-dyed, hand-woven cotton rugs, fast to light and washing. The linen warp, loosely tied in hanks, is dyed when desired by the same formula as the filling.

In each case, the dyeing directions begin as follows: "Place goods, whether old or new, in a kettle of cold water, and boil for one hour after boiling point is reached. If dirty, boil for fifteen minutes in a weak soap bath, rinse, and boil in fresh water for one hour.

"This is to remove lime, dirt, and grease, and also to get the goods thoroughly water soaked."

DYEING DIRECTIONS

I. Manganese Brown. II. Copperas Yellow and Orange. III. Thiogene Cyanine O, Metz. IV. Indigo Blue.

I. Manganese Brown.—

Potassium Permanganate,
 Warm water,
 Agate kettle or boiler
 holding $3\frac{1}{2}$ gallons,
 Brown dyesticks,
 Rubber gloves.

Dissolve three tablespoonfuls of permanganate in a little warm water.

Put eleven quarts of warm water in a kettle, and add the permanganate when dissolved.

Wring out the boiled rags and dip into the liquid until thoroughly soaked. Wring tight, with wringer, if possible, and hang in the air to dry. When thoroughly dried, rinse in good hot suds and then in cold water until color stops running.

Should you wish a deeper brown, redip before drying.

The above dyes about 3 lbs. 6 oz. of rags.

II. Copperas Yellow and Orange.—

Washing soda or soda ash,
 Copperas,
 Cold water,
 Two agate or stone kettles,
 Yellow dyesticks,
 Rubber gloves.

Put eleven quarts of cold water in each kettle. In one kettle dissolve five tablespoonfuls copperas. In the other kettle dissolve ten tablespoonfuls washing soda, or five of soda ash.

Wring out the boiled rags and dip into kettle containing the copperas, then wring out tight, shake well and dip into the kettle containing the washing soda. Wring tight again, shake out, and dry thoroughly in the air. Then wash

INDIGO AND THE VAT COLORS

in good hot suds, and rinse in cold water until color stops running.

You can always get an idea of the color by wringing out a piece of the goods after dipping, and placing in the air for a few minutes; if not dark enough, redip immediately in the same baths again.

If the cloth is not wrung out dry, more water will have to be added, and the dye will lose its strength; then you must add more copperas and washing soda.

The above directions are for 10 yds. or 3 lbs. 6 oz.

Orange Color.—Same as above, only redip in solutions several times, until desired shade is obtained.

III. Thiogene Cyanine O, Metz.—

{ Thiogene Cyanine O, Metz,
Glauber's Salt crystals.
Washing soda,
Sodium Sulphide,
Hot water,
Agate kettle,
Blue dyesticks,
Rubber gloves.

Into ten quarts of hot water put one level teaspoonful of washing soda.

Then mix one heaping tablespoonful of Thiogene Cyanine O and one heaping tablespoonful of sodium sulphide together with a little hot water, until dye is dissolved, and add to the kettle containing the washing soda. Then put in the goods and warm thoroughly, in the dye, for fifteen minutes or so. Then add one-half tablespoonful of Glauber's salt crystals, stirring up to the boil, and let boil one-half hour or more, stirring frequently so that the goods do not get too hot, as that will darken the color. Do not put too many rags in the kettle at one time, or they will not be evenly dyed.

Wring well and hang in the air to dry. When thoroughly dried, rinse out in good hot suds, and then, again, in cold water until color stops running.

The above solution dyes about 10 oz. goods.

IV. Indigo Blue.—

{ Caustic Soda,
Indigo Blue Vat 3 (Metz),
Hydrosulphite M L B (Metz),
Agate or stone kettle,
Water,
Blue dyesticks,
Rubber gloves.

Put eleven quarts of water in a kettle, and make it warm enough to be unbearable for the hands. Then put in eight tablespoonfuls caustic soda, and let it dissolve.

Then add one tablespoonful Indigo Blue Vat 3, Metz. Take two tablespoonfuls, or a trifle more, of Hydrosulphite M L B Powder, and slowly shake into the liquid, until liquid is green or iridescent, then try on a piece of cloth, which should be greenish yellow when taken out.

When the bath is right, immerse the goods, and stir them around for ten or fifteen minutes, until thoroughly wet with the dye liquor. Take out of the bath, wring loosely with the hand and then, carefully, two or three times with the wringer, to get the color even. Hang up in the air, well spread out, for half an hour, then rinse in two waters, wash in good hot suds, then rinse in cold water until color stops running. The goods can be dyed as well in cold water as in warm. For darker shades, redip in the same bath.

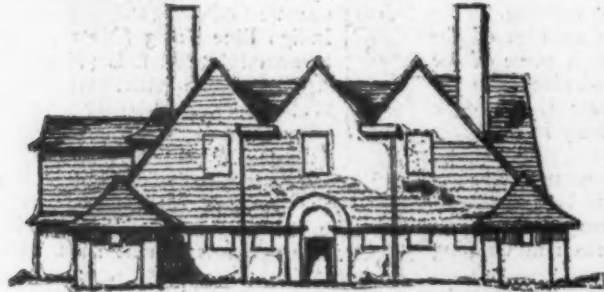
If the cloth is not wrung out dry, more water will have to be added, and the dye will lose its strength; then you must add more Hydrosulphite M L B Powder and Indigo Blue Vat 3, using your own judgment as to amount needed.

When the dye turns blue in the kettle its strength is gone. It can be regenerated by adding more Hydrosulphite M L B Powder and, perhaps, a little soda.

Always use rubber gloves when dyeing goods.

The above directions are for ten yards, or 3 lbs. 6 oz. rags.

A STUDY OF PICTURESQUE ROOF CONSTRUCTION



HOUSE AT KENILWORTH, ENGLAND.

ONE of the evidences that a newer and more vigorous phase of thought in house building is springing up in this country, as

well as abroad, is the care that is now being given to the beauty and individuality, as well as the durability, of the roof. It is coming to be recognized that, whatever the plan of a house, the keynote of its character is the roof, for the best design may be ruined by a roof that is not in keeping, and a plan in other respects mediocre may be redeemed by a roof that is beautiful in line and proportion and that gives the impression of a gen-

ing in a measure its general characteristics.

The best examples we have seen of the modern adaptation of a beautiful

erous, protecting shelter.

So it is that the best of our architects are devoting much thought to the designing of the roof, adapting its lines not only to the building, but planning them with an eye to bringing the whole structure into harmony with the landscape by reflect-



A ROADSIDE BUILDING.



HOUSE WITH LONG RIDGE AND TWO GABLES.

old form of roof are shown in the half-tone illustrations accompanying this article. Both show the same style of roof, designed by Messrs. Albro and Lindeberg, of New York. As will be seen, this is an admirable adaptation of the chief characteristics of the old thatched roof, although the material employed is the ordinary modern shingle. The whole



Albro and Lindenberg, architects.

THE HOME OF MR. CARLTON MACY, WOODMERE,
LONG ISLAND, WITH SHINGLED ROOF THAT HAS
THE EFFECT OF AN OLD ENGLISH THATCH.

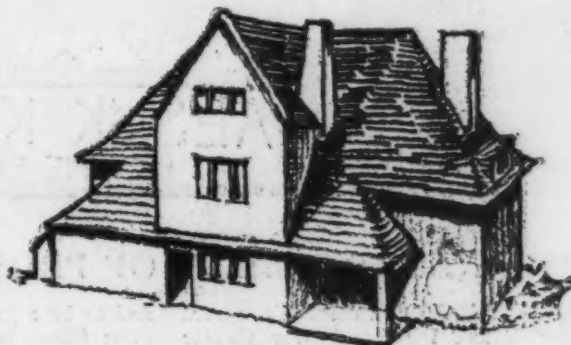


Albro and Lindeberg, architects.

ANOTHER VIEW OF MR. CARLTON MACY'S HOME.
THE HOME OF MR. EDWARD T. COCKROFT, EAST
HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND, SHOWING INTEREST-
ING ROOF CONSTRUCTION.

STUDY OF PICTURESQUE ROOF CONSTRUCTION

effect depends upon the way the lines are managed to give the appearance of soft, bulky roundness at the eaves and gables. This effect is most noticeable on the roof of the house built for Mr. Carlton Macy, at Woodmere, Long Island. It will be noticed that the bulky, rounded look intensifies toward the peaks of the gables, where the roof appears to overhang considerably more than at the eaves. The ridge line is covered with lead, and the shingles



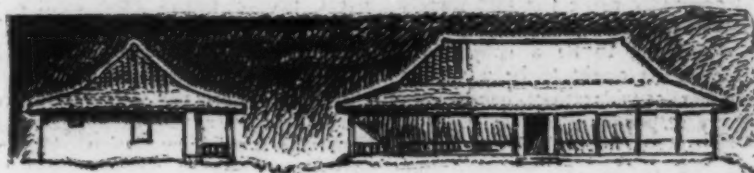
HIGH ROOF WITH ONE GABLE.



WEEK-END COTTAGE.

are laid in irregular wavy lines over the "cushioned" foundation that gives

them the effect of a thick thatch. A roof of similar character is used on the house built by the same architects for Mr. Edward Cockroft, Easthampton, Long Island, but the leading characteristics of the roof in this case are not quite as pronounced as in the Macy house, so the building itself claims the greater share of attention, although not more beautiful in design than the house just described. Several ideas for picturesque lines in roofs are given in the small pen sketches.



CUBAN FARM HOUSE.



THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PROSPERITY

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's speech before the Naval War College at Newport has been quoted far and wide because of its stirring appeal for a navy strong enough to be aggressive if necessary, as well as defensive, and its merciless exposition of the disaster and humiliation that is usually the lot of a nation that is "rich, aggressive and unarmed." Yet, splendid as was the ring of the whole utterance and manly as is the policy of quiet efficiency that he advocated for our military and naval service, the most significant part of the President's speech did not apply to the navy at all, except indirectly, but went squarely to the heart of the one significant weakness in our national character that threatens to sap the foundations of our boasted and envied prosperity. He said:

"All of the leaders of our people are fond of assuring this people that it is a great people; they are fond of assuring it of that fact even when they are advocating policies that if carried out would assuredly make the fact merely a memory. We are a great people. That ought not to be a subject for boastfulness; it ought to be a subject for serious consideration, because of the heavy responsibilities that go with it. We cannot help playing a great part in the world, but we can very easily help not playing that part well,

and to be a great people and make a great failure is as unattractive a spectacle as history affords. We are one of the great world powers—in situation, in population, in wealth. We are such a power because of the spirit and purpose of our people. It is not open to us to decide whether or not the career that we lead shall be important; it has got to be important. All we can decide is as to whether our success shall be great or our failure great; we are sure to make either the great failure or a great success. . . . First and foremost come the duties within the gates of our own household. First and foremost our duty is to strive to bring about a better administration of justice, cleaner, juster, more equitable methods in our political business and social life, the reign of law, the reign of that orderly liberty which was the first consideration in the minds of the founders of this republic."

The fact that we accept so joyously and unquestioningly the assurance of our political leaders that we are a great people shows how lightly we take the responsibility that inevitably accompanies wealth and power. Our development has been too swift to be sound in all its parts, and our prosperity has been too easily gained to rest upon a solid foundation. We have had riches, power and the opportunity for enormous expansion almost thrust

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PROSPERITY

upon us. Our natural resources have been so abundant as to seem inexhaustible, and above all we, as a nation, have had the energy and acumen to avail ourselves of every resource and every opportunity that has come within our grasp.

Yet it is only within the past year or two that we have shown any signs of awakening to the fact that our suddenly-acquired wealth and power has entailed upon us a heavier responsibility than has ever fallen to the lot of any nation. The strong nations of old conquered the weaker and reduced them to tributaries. As such the subjugated nations added to the riches and the glory of the conquerors and the rulers in turn were under some sort of rude obligation to protect their vassals from other aggressors,—if only in self-interest. But our conquests have been peaceful. We have thrown our gates open to the world and the invitation has been accepted with such overwhelming cordiality that this country has become the gathering place of all nations.

Sometimes we have gloried in this fact, and sometimes we have turned restive under the flood of more or less undesirable immigration that has in many instances landed upon our shores the rejected of other nations. The President recognizes a danger that is now coming to be generally felt when, in another part of this same speech, he asserts that if we are to keep our national prosperity at a high level it may be necessary for us to exercise more strictly the right of rejection among the immigrants that come hither and that such rejection may at any time prove a point of friction between this and other nations, a possibility which requires that we be ready to meet any emergency.

That the necessity for drawing the lines more closely is not very far

from us is realized by every man who looks through the columns of his daily paper each morning and sees the list of crimes for which our once eagerly welcomed foreign citizens are responsible. On the Pacific Coast the white citizens are clamoring that the bars be raised higher against Asiatic immigration, but in New York the situation is even more menacing than the so-called yellow peril, for not only is industry threatened, but the spirit of dastardly crime is let loose.

Yet right here lies one of our most pressing responsibilities. These people, coming here as to a land of promise from the privation and hardship of their lives at home, form the material that will ultimately be amalgamated into the great western race of the future. This country is not only the "dumping ground" of foreign nations; it is also the great crucible in which all these chaotic elements shall ultimately be reduced to one great people. Our responsibility, therefore, is not only national but world wide, and the way we handle ourselves during this period of amalgamation will decide whether or not our success shall be great or our failure great.

And our handling of this problem will be largely a matter of our own standards as a people. The foreigners who come here as immigrants are slow to change from the standards and customs of their own countries. It is only those who are filled with the hatred of oppressive conditions at home who plunge madly into license of all sorts, under the false impression that it is liberty and think they are tasting the sweets of their newly-acquired freedom when they endeavor to overthrow all law, order and decency. The great majority of immigrants come here because they can make more money and live more comfortably and because there is a better prospect for

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their children than in the old country. These children are sent to our schools, trained in our ways and it is our responsibility that they are taught in all that makes for sound citizenship. How have we met that responsibility?

Every student of social conditions knows that a large percentage of the children born in America of foreign parents have neither the sturdy qualities of their peasant forebears nor the energy, common sense and directness of the native American. They are in a transitional stage and the element in American life and character that appeals most strongly to them is the "smartness" which enables a man to make money easily and quickly, if not honestly, or gives a woman the opportunity to dress more showily than her neighbors. While these standards prevail, and while all these new citizens of many origins are growing up among us and accepting them as the very essence and spirit of liberty and progress, our prosperity is not sound. We have boasted overmuch, and of things which, if we stop to realize their true significance in our national life, we should hardly be proud. In allowing ourselves to become intoxicated with our own prosperity, we have become blind leaders of the blind. And the industrial and political situation today shows only too plainly how eagerly our lessons have been absorbed and how keen is their application to each man's own particular need or ambition.

Our duties within the gates of our own household are many and very pressing. But there is little use in striving to "bring about a better administration of justice, cleaner, juster, more equitable methods in our political, business and social life and the reign of law and orderly liberty" until we set aside our childish pride in the wealth that has been given to us so

abundantly and strive to realize what the possession of that wealth brings to us in the way of responsibility to our own nation while it is in the process of formation, to the world, and to future generations.

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ANOTHER book which penetrates close to the heart of the Eastern viewpoint with regard to spiritual matters and the problem of life has been contributed to Western literature by H. Fielding Hall, who, some time ago, wrote that delightful and sympathetic exposition of Burmese life and character called "The Soul of a People," following it a little later with "The Hearts of Men."

Mr. Hall's new book is entitled "The Inward Light," and while in one sense almost a continuation of "The Soul of a People" and "The Hearts of Men" it goes even deeper into the mysteries of the Oriental way of looking at things and into the immemorial beliefs that lie behind everything these simple yet wise people think and do. Incidentally, it is as exquisitely simple and human as some of the books in which Lafcadio Hearn sought to win, for his beloved Japanese, the understanding and liking of the Western races.

The book justifies its title, for it is based entirely upon the realization of that inward light from which springs the serenity and deep-lying wisdom of the East. Ostensibly it is the story of the writer's temporary residence at a Buddhist monastery in Burma, where he was carried after an accident that disabled him for some time. But while there he used his time in penetrating still more deeply into the great and vital principle that underlies all Eastern faith, and this is the record

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of his impressions, which he summarizes in this way:

"The East has ever been and is religious, not in part of its life but in the whole of it. It has held that religion is not of one day but of all time, not of time only but of eternity, not of eternity only but of every moment. To its mind religion embraces everything, not man's soul only but his body, all of him; and not man alone but the whole universe; not some virtue but all virtues, all that is good and all that is evil. It is not, therefore, a theory, a teaching, a method, nor an ideal, a dogma, a thought; for these, however great, however true, must always be narrow, cannot hold but a little part of truth. They are finite, whereas religion is infinite. It is none of these. Religion is a way of looking at life and at the universe, it is a way to see and understand."

The chapters flow along like a quiet stream, now sparkling in the sunlight, now drawing deeply into the shadow which as yet conceals the hidden springs of Oriental thought from the people of the West. That these shadows are dispersing and that a great wave of Eastern thought is sweeping over the newer world is acknowledged by all thinkers who are watching the intellectual and spiritual progress of the race. A book like this hastens the blending of Eastern and Western thought, therefore it is one that no man or woman who cares for the deeper things of life can afford to miss reading. ("The Inward Light." By H. Fielding Hall. 228 pages. Price, \$1.75. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York.)

IT is good amid the rush of new things and our pride in the swift advance of art as well as of science, to call to mind once in a way the good things that have been done by men of

former times, who laid the foundation for all that we are able to do in this most progressive age the world has ever seen. One of these reminders comes to us in a charming volume edited by John Nolen, A. M., a prominent member of the American Society of Landscape Architects. Mr. Nolen is well equipped to say much himself upon the subject of landscape gardening, but he has preferred to give us a new edition of the writings of Humphry Repton, the famous English landscape gardener of the eighteenth century, to whose keen perception of the beautiful and courage in innovation we are indebted for nearly the whole of our present standards of landscape gardening.

Many of the most beautiful of the famous English estates were laid out by Repton, whose greatest legacy to posterity consists of the writings that were based upon his "Red Books." When he was asked for his opinion concerning the improvement of a place, he usually told it in writing, bound in a small book which contained maps, plans and sketches to explain and illustrate the work or alterations proposed. More than two hundred such books, each of which was called the "Red Book" of the place to which it related, were prepared by him in the course of his extensive practice. The material taken from these "Red Books" appear in his published works, so that these represent the permanent results of his experience instead of being mere theories on landscape gardening.

The present volume includes Repton's "Sketches and Hints on Landscape Gardening" and "Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening." It is illustrated with many maps and diagrams which might be called working plans, and also with a number of color and half-tone plates showing views of the different estates laid out by Repton. These plates are prepared after Rep-

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ton's own fashion, which was to show a picture of the place in its original state with a leaf showing the improved addition laid over so that it covers the part of the picture changed by the improvement. In this way each plate is an object lesson in line, mass and color worth careful study by any one who has in contemplation the replanting of large or small grounds.

Repton's theories and methods should find much favor with Americans, because he was above all things a practical man with a keen perception of the principle of utility. In that he foreshadowed the ideas of his American successor, Frederick Law Olmsted, who has vitally influenced the art of landscape gardening in this country. ("The Art of Landscape Gardening." By Humphry Repton, Esq. Edited by John Nolen, A. M. Illustrated. 252 pages. Price, \$3.00 net. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.)

ONE of the most practical and sensible treatises upon learning to draw that has come to our attention for a long time is "The Parallel Course of Drawing Books." The whole course is given in four books, paper bound and flexible like magazines and with the lessons put in a way so simple and plain that any child would not only understand it but, if he has the least gift for drawing, would be led on from lesson to lesson by the sheer interest of making things that are beautiful and yet not beyond his grasp.

The parallel courses are in pencil and brush drawing. Each object is shown in both line and wash, together with sufficient instruction in plain, simple language to insure intelligent work with both pencil and brush. Excellent reproductions of simple forms in pencil, crayon, wash and color fill

each book, the subjects in the beginning being exceedingly simple and increasing in difficulty as the course goes on. They include vegetables and flowers, fruit, animals and, toward the last, simply drawn figures. Instruction in designing and cutting silhouettes is also given.

Although designed primarily for the use of schools, these books are available for home study, either under the instruction of some one who understands something about drawing, or simply as a guide and inspiration to a child that likes to use pencil and brush as an amusement. Plain directions are given for the use of the pencil, crayons and brush and the mixing of color as well as an explanation of the main principles of drawing. In the latter case only a few of the most obvious fundamental principles are laid down and the rest is left to the natural imitative instinct of the child in copying the examples reproduced. ("The Parallel Course of Drawing Books." By C. S. Hammock and A. G. Hammock. 4 volumes, each 40 pages. Illustrated in line, wash and color. Price, 17 cents for each volume. Published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, New York, Chicago.)

YOUNG singers—and older ones, too—might well devote a spare afternoon to the reading of a straightforward and sensible little book entitled "The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation," by no less an authority than Sir Charles Santley. The book does not pretend to be technical in any way, but every page of it is solid with good sound common sense. The author begins by giving some good advice to young people who are desirous of becoming professional singers and tells them something of the qualifications of a good singer. He is very plain spoken when it comes to the choice of a master

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and the methods of studying, being an enemy to quackery of all descriptions. The same spirit prevails throughout the rest of the book, which is devoted to the difficulties and dangers as well as the triumphs that attend a singer's career. It is a book which every young aspirant for operatic honors should carry about as an antidote to the "artistic temperament," and it is also one which people who do not sing at all but who enjoy good music and a sane point of view about art and life would thoroughly enjoy. ("The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation." By Sir Charles Santley. 143 pages. Price, \$1.25. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

IN these days of much attention to diet, nutrition and the like, books on the nutritive qualities of various foods are sure of a large number of readers. One of the most comprehensive of these is entitled "The Nutrition of Man." It is the outcome of a course of eight lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute of Boston by the author, Russell H. Chittenden, Professor of Physiological Chemistry and Director of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. The book gives not only an exhaustive treatment of the subject of foods and their digestion, the balance of nutrition, the best dietary habits and true food reforms, but also goes extensively into the result of experiments made as to the effect of various diets upon soldiers and athletes with a view to determining the combinations of different foods which lend themselves best to the true needs of the body. Professor Chittenden is an undoubted authority and his book would not only be valuable to physicians and nurses, but also to any person interested in finding out the most nutritious foods and the best conditions for their digestion. ("The Nutrition of Man." By Russell H. Chittenden,

Ph.D., LL.D., Sc.D. Illustrated. 321 pages. Price, \$3.00. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

AN interesting and somewhat unusual biography is contained in a volume dealing with the life and works of George Morland. The keynote of the book is given in the statement by the biographer of his belief that Morland's art occupied a place by itself in the English school of the eighteenth century. Although he was one of the famous group of English masters, his work was as markedly individual as his character, and his character was such that the story of his life makes uncommonly interesting reading. The book is more a book of the times than a story of the life of one man, containing as it does anecdotes as vivid as Morland's own pictures, many of which are excellently reproduced in color as illustrations to the volume. It does not require an appreciation of art to lead one to enjoy this book; nevertheless, the art of Morland is by no means neglected and the critical appreciation of his pictures is sound and discriminating. ("George Morland, His Life and Works." By Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., and E. D. Cuming. Illustrated in color. 289 pages. Price, \$6.00 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

ARCHITECTS and students of architecture will probably find much that is of value in a work on architectural composition by John Beverly Robinson. The sub-title of the book states that it is "an attempt to order and phrase ideas which hitherto have been only felt by the instinctive taste of designers," and this gives a fairly adequate conception of its character. Beginning with general prin-

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ciples, such as what constitutes the standard of taste and also such qualities as unity, individuality and the like, the book goes on to more technical details, using, to illustrate each point, either the whole or parts of prominent buildings here and abroad. For this reason the work is not only valuable in a technical sense but interesting because of the broad view it gives of the ruling principles in architecture and where they have been applied by famous architects. ("Architectural Composition." By John Beverly Robinson. Illustrated. 234 pages. Price, \$2.50 net. Published by D. Van Nostrand Company, New York.)

THE Indian question from what appears to be almost entirely an academic point of view is taken up in a book entitled "The American Indian as a Product of Environment," written by A. J. Fynn, Ph.D., the principal of Longfellow School and instructor in ethnology in Denver University. Dr. Fynn pays special attention to the Pueblos and their homes, and enters rather extensively into the question of their food and clothing, government and social life, industries, arts and sciences and the like, going specially into a description of their religious dances and festivals. Although the author made one or two trips into the Indian country, the main part of his information appears to have been derived from other books on the subject; therefore, while in the main the book is interesting and fairly accurate, it says much the same thing that has already appeared in many other forms. ("The American Indian as a Product of Environment." By A. J. Fynn, Ph.D. Illustrated. 275 pages. Price, \$1.50 net. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.)

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A new edition, thoroughly revised throughout, of Bergh's "Safe Building Construction," has recently been published. This book is a continuance of the author's former work on construction, entitled "Safe Building," and it has been called forth by the fact that methods of construction and building materials have changed so radically of late that the former book did not seem to apply to modern conditions. The work is above all things practical, the author's aim having been to give in condensed form the knowledge necessary for a builder to erect safely any building. All abstract theorizing is omitted, leaving the book very definite in tone. ("Safe Building Construction." By Louis de Coppet Bergh, F.A.I.A. Illustrated with line cuts and diagrams. 436 pages. Price, \$5.00 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

TO read the book called "Windsor," with its paintings by George M. Henton and its descriptions by Sir Richard R. Holmes, is almost as good as a visit to the famous old castle itself and long talks with some scholarly bookworm who loves the place and knows all its history. The history is all here, told as simply and pleasantly as it might be told in conversation, and to illustrate it are reproductions in color of twenty paintings, evidently in water color of the castle, its grounds and its surroundings. In combination, the two make a book that is both beautiful and fascinating.—just the book to give to a friend about to sail for England and see for himself the wonderful historic place of which it treats. ("Windsor." Painted by George M. Henton. Described by Sir Richard Rivington Holmes. 117 pages. Price, \$2.50 net. Published by A. & C. Black, London. Imported by The Macmillan Company.)

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